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PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ECONOMY.

A TREATISE FOR THE TIMES.

‘Nothing is beautiful but what is true;’ and the truth coincident with beauty embraces not alone the literal verity of affirmations, but also the fitness of things, the harmonies of reason and conduct, and moral emotion, and all genuine feeling. It is shown, in its most engaging forms, less in the demonstrations of Archimedes and Newton, than in the characters of men of signal but not erratic virtue; a Socrates, an Alfred, a More, a Washington; men of consistent, intelligible characters, possessed not merely of a wide reach of thought, but of the faculty of sober discrimination, the power to see things under their true aspects and relations, and a sufficient sense of character to act out the truth so clearly and justly apprehended; men who sometimes pass for cold, perhaps unfeeling, but who really, in their vigor and depth of feeling, almost as far surpass the children of an artificial sensibility, as the works of God transcend the imperfect and puny creations of man. But the beauty which flows from the moral harmonies of character, is often seen most palpably in the selection and adaptation of the outward utilities of life — the material possessions which subserve the various uses of men. Subject to numberless wants and desires, which tax to the utmost his productive and appropriating powers, which even pass beyond the limit of present realities, and reach far away into the depths of time and being, it is trite to remark, that the dignity and happiness of man depend upon the relative place which his several desires hold in his practical system of attaining their objects. And as PROPERTY is, in some way, the necessary instrument, not only of his subsistence and comfort, but likewise of gratifying his intellectual tastes, and aiding his moral progress, the main part of practical ethics must ever be made up of principles and questions touching the uses of property, or the right employment of industry, and its products: And the principles of *taste* connected with this subject will be found, in every case, in entire harmony with the principle of duty, and the rule of convenience.

Mr. SEDGWICK, in his volume upon ‘Public and Private Economy,’* has done much toward elucidating the principles which should

* ‘Public and Private Economy.’ In one volume. By THEODORE SEDGWICK.

govern the unwealthy million of society, in the consumption of their earnings, and setting in a strong light the bad taste, as well as the pernicious folly, of a large portion of the expenditure of all classes of people. For this good service, we are disposed, even at this late day, to invoke a still wider circulation and more general perusal of his book. Before proceeding to detail some of the thoughts suggested by a late re-perusal, it behooves us to mark a few errors, which strike us as being of a glaring, if not reprehensible, character.

First, then, the author — and it often happens to men who devote much attention to any subject, to become impressed with its all-surpassing importance — appears to us to attach too transcendent a value to the possession of property, in comparison with other possessions, of a more enduring nature. ‘Knowledge and education,’ he says, ‘are often powerful, without the aid of property; so too they are often quite helpless; *but people who have wealth are never so.*’ True, knowledge is often of no avail toward the attainment of some specific utility. The man of learning and talent may be destitute of the means of subsistence, in circumstances where truth and noble thoughts cannot be bartered for bread. *Here* a few pieces of silver would stand him more in stead than all his wisdom. But would he be willing to exchange his radiant world of thought for these pieces of silver, and the gross utilities that know no other price? Not until physical suffering had first demented him! But are people who have wealth *never* helpless? Is all that makes up our physical and spiritual welfare, to be bought with gold? Vain thought! It is the mania of the most numerous class of dreamers that chase the painted bubbles on the stream of time. Is the possessor of wealth always able to apply balm to the bereaved heart? to administer sustaining counsel to the desponding spirit? — to command the unfeigned respect and discriminating affection which are awarded to wisdom, and virtue, and amiability of character? Say not that the possessors of wealth are *never* helpless! The sighs, the repinings, the hopeless wishes, breathed in many a noble mansion, where avarice has hoarded the earnings of thousands, and magnificence lavished the luxuries of every land, annul the baseless position. There is a worse helplessness than is implied in being destitute of property. True, the good we can do without property is indeed small; without a provision for his necessary wants, man cannot exercise his higher faculties to any purpose, and must remain in savage ignorance. But let the *instrument*, however necessary, be assigned to its proper place.

If we may trust our understanding of such passages as the ensuing, there is too great a similarity to a certain cant of radicalism, which would be quite out of place in so sensible a book as this of Mr. Sedgwick’s: ‘As all property comes from labor, and as these few favored persons have not been laborers — neither farmers, mechanics, merchants, manufacturers, nor professional men — their property has been derived from other sources than their own industry — unequal laws in their own favor, which is monopoly.’ ‘The idle class will be in proportion to the riches of the people, and the number of idlers that the people agree to support at the public expense. In England, there is a debt of eight hundred millions pounds sterling;

this, in one way and another, supports a great many idlers.' 'All idlers are, of course, supported at the expense of the industrious.' Our author elsewhere speaks of the idle class as those who *live on their incomes*, without laboring in any business or profession. Now, we had supposed that the property of the rich could not yield an income, without being employed to assist the industrious in the work of production. Mr. Sedgwick quotes the pregnant maxims of Adam Smith, that capital is *hoarded labor* — labor laid up for future use; and that labor is the original price paid for all things. Both the working man, then, and the rich man who chooses not to work with his hands, have labor to bestow toward the production of new value. The labor of one is in the exertion of his personal strength; the labor of the other is hoarded, laid up, in implements, machinery, lands, buildings, or in money which can be exchanged for any or all of these things. Each must contribute to the work of production a portion of the productive power he has to bestow, or he can receive no return. If any among us will not work, will not bestow a portion of the labor which resides in his muscular strength, his invention, or his capital, he cannot eat of the fruit of this all-creating industry, unless he cheat or beg. Is the *right* of the capitalist to his share of the product of this combined labor, less sacred than that of the working man? Such a distinction is as repugnant to our instinctive sense of justice, as hostile to the existence of civilized society. Perhaps the right of property owes its stability less to any politic consideration of its necessity to society, than to a less erring principle, the common sympathy with the possessory feeling, the instinct which connects man's spirit with the outward utilities which belong to his condition in this world. Theft and robbery are an outrage on this primary feeling, and it is chiefly against this insult to our common humanity, that the moral judgment of every society denounces the penalties of its criminal code. Priority of occupancy of any part of the common fund of nature, constitutes, to the unsophisticated apprehension of men, as good a foundation for the claim of the occupant, as the fact of his having incorporated with it a portion of his own labor — his own creative energy. A correct analysis, perhaps, would show the recognition of the right of the occupant, in either case, to depend upon the common sympathy with his sense of property, and his reasonable expectation of possessing and enjoying what he has created, or rightly appropriated. And this proprietary feeling, and the disposition to sustain and vindicate it, lose none of their strength from length of possession. In this potent instinct of our race — the instinct of appropriation — we see an effectual security against whatever is apprehended from the spirit of agrarianism, or any other spirit whose aim and impulse is against the established laws of property and order. We should almost as soon expect to see a society assent to a plan of mutual extermination, as agree to carry into practice the principle of an equal division of property. In France, when anarchy and oppression made the most fearful demonstrations of their united strength, political crime was made the pretext for spoliation. Some such assumption was necessary to reconcile the spirit of Jacobinism to stripping a hated aristocracy of their hereditary estates.

If then the legal protection of property, whether acquired by the industry of the individual, or inherited from his ancestors, be according to our native sense of justice; and as necessary to the very being of society, as the protection of personal freedom itself; and if this property, or hoarded labor, can yield no income to its possessor, without being made to assist in creating more property, the passages we have quoted must be rejected as unsound in reason, if not exceptionable on the score of their tendency. As the possessor of ancestral property has not labored for the same, 'and as all property comes from labor,' we suppose his possession must rest on 'unequal laws in his favor, which is monopoly!' We will not now quarrel with a word. The *law of nature* will stand good, whatever name you call it by.

How does the national debt of Great Britain support a class of idlers? The question is surely of little practical moment to us; but it is worth while to have something like clear ideas of a subject so much spoken and thought of. When the debt was created, an amount of property, equal to it, was destroyed — worse than wasted — by drawing hundreds of thousands of men away from the proper, honest business of men, stripping them of their proper humanity, converting them into fighting machines, ministers of destruction, to lay waste alike the proud city and the peasant's home, and turn a peaceful, unoffending land into one wide slaughter-house. The property used to equip and support these instruments of ruin, was of course consumed, lost. That is past. But the whole nation of Great Britain chose not to contribute the sum by a tax on themselves; but, by the agency of their government, borrowed the amount, on interest, of a few capitalists, a part of the nation, because it was more convenient to pay the interest, than contribute so much from their productive capital, and it still continues to be more convenient. The productive capital of Great Britain is indebted to certain capitalists, or holders of stock, as our productive capital is indebted to banks, and other lenders. The owner of any amount of British Government stock is, legally and morally, the owner of an equal amount of the active capital of the British nation. If he lives by the active labor of others, others live by his hoarded labor. He is 'supported at the public expense,' in just the same sense as the lender of money, at a fair rate of interest, is supported at the expense of his borrower, that is, in a very perverted sense of the words, or in no sense at all. But let us hasten to more edifying argument.

Man is constituted with a multitude of wants and desires, other than those which are supplied by the bounty of nature, without his care. The objects of these wants and desires are necessary, in different degrees, to his existence, his comfort, and the development of his faculties, physical, intellectual, and moral. He wants food, and clothing, and shelter, to protect him from the inclemencies of the weather. When he is provided with these first necessities, in their coarsest, humblest form, a multitude of secondary wants are ready to prompt him to new efforts. He wants better food; his clothing, his habitation, and furniture, require improvement, not only to fit them better for their first simple purpose, but also to gratify

his desire for order, elegance, and beauty. He wants opportunities and leisure for converse with his kind, and the means to gratify his benevolence, by alleviating their distresses, and supplying their wants. He is endowed with curiosity; he wants knowledge, and the means necessary to its attainment. Finally, there is not a word of truth in the dictum of the gentle hermit, 'Man wants but little here below.' His wants are boundless, and without number, and prompt him to the indefinite accumulation of all useful and pleasant things, perishable and imperishable. Sad and true is the picture which our author has drawn of the *poverty* of the great mass — the ninety-nine hundredths of mankind. The poverty of European laborers is too melancholy an object, for those whose hand may not reach, and whose strength may not suffice to redress it. But *our own* day laborers are poor, *very* poor. They are destitute of all but a *few* of the most necessary comforts and conveniences of life. Our *farmers* are poor. There is a sad want of comfort and elegance in their houses and furniture. In their gardens and grounds, there is little convenience or beauty — far less than there might be. How indifferently are their children supplied with the means of obtaining such an education as befits the citizens of a republic! Our mechanics and tradesmen are in no better condition. But the most revolting description of poverty is here drawn.

'By *fashionable and expensive poor*, is intended all those, whether merchants, farmers, mechanics, day laborers, etc., who live in the imitation of expensive fashions, without any proper regard to their wages or fortunes. This class, in the United States, embraces a larger proportion of the people than in any other country whatever. In other words, travellers and strangers agree, that the people of the United States are, in many particulars, the most wasteful of all civilized people on earth.

'Of these fashionable expensive poor, a large number, even of those that belong to the higher classes, are among the poorest people in the United States. If there were weights and scales to weigh human misery by the ounce and pound, it would be found that these unhappy people suffer more in mind from embarrassments, duns, mortification, offended pride, and conscious meanness and wickedness, at the thought that they are spending the property of their friends, and of honest, hard-working mechanics and others, than many very poor people do in body, for the want of sufficient clothing, fuel, and food. Striving to be something which their property will not allow, they are in a perpetual conflict, in the worst war in the world — a war with themselves. They do not live by any rule of their own, according to what God has given them, and what is therefore only allowable for them to spend, but they live after a rule set by the fashion of rich people, and thus they see with other people's eyes, whose eyes are their ruin. Instead of having their clothes made in the most economical way, in their own houses by their wives, daughters, and servants, they run to the fashionable milliner's and tailor's, at the same time that they are suffering for good, substantial, seasonable garments. * * * Their parlors and dining rooms are full of what they call splendor, that is, finery. If they have

valuable pictures, it is ten to one these are put into the shade, in order to show their fine curtains to better advantage.

‘If you go out of this region of splendor and magnificence, the real barrenness of the territory in good, useful things, appears. In the kitchen and other apartments, there is not a decent sufficiency of proper cooking utensils, tubs, kettles, dishes, carpets, and other conveniences for health, comfort and cleanliness. Nothing is so mean as the real poverty of these people, except their pride.’

The repulsive feature in this description of poverty, is the prominence in which its cause — a weak, contemptible vanity — stands out to view. It is the poverty which attends upon a very mean vice of character, as a part of its natural and proper punishment. The fault of this unhappy class of persons consists in buying things which they do not want, and doing without things which are necessary to their comfort, respectability, and dignity of character. They aspire after elegance and splendor, or what they think will pass for elegance and splendor, and violate every principle of taste as well as of reason. Fitness, appropriateness, consistency, the elements of beauty, whether in the moral or material world, are discarded; and their means of display are valued in proportion as they violate all the conceptions of such common-place minds as those of Michael Angelo and Reynolds. Their whole lives are a miserable caricature of the elegance they aspire after.

But this class of *expensive poor* are ridiculous only by carrying to a greater extreme than others the practice of buying vain and worthless things, in preference to useful ones. The same practice causes the poverty of all other classes of people; yes, *all* classes, without exception. There is not, perhaps, an individual in a hundred thousand who is not too poor to purchase many useful, and *truly* beautiful, and therefore truly valuable, things; things fitted to promote the happiness, to enlighten, exalt, and purify the minds of men, in the present and future generations, to make their abodes a shrine for the pilgrims of genius, and their country honored and beloved throughout the world. There are very few indeed who are not too poor to be the masters of such desirable possessions; and the number is not small, who have disabled themselves to encourage the fine and useful arts, by an habitual patronage of the useless and vulgar ones. The most wealthy portion of mankind, when utility comes to be preferred to vanity, will find in the purchase of useful, intrinsically and permanently valuable objects, full employment for all their revenues. It is beyond dispute, that the industry of the whole world, applied in the most judicious and skilful manner, is incapable of creating more useful products than are needed; and whatever portion of this labor — whether quick, or hoarded, in the shape of capital — is applied to the production of useless and frivolous things, which minister only to a diseased vanity, or sordid sensuality, is so much abstracted from the service of mankind. From its legitimate office of a high and honorable ministration to actual wants and ennobling desires, it is cast down to an abject servitude to debasing passions.

The folly of a waste of revenue on that which is not wealth, and which affords no gratification that a reasonable being ought not to be

ashamed of; the theory that frivolous luxuries are productive of good, by giving employment to the poor; the distinction between useful things, approved by good taste, and luxurious, useless finery; and the position of Malthus, Chalmers, etc., that production, and the consequent demand for capital, must find a limit in the inability of purchasers, will be briefly considered, and the latter, it is believed, refuted, in another and concluding number.

L I N E S

TO THE AUTHOR OF 'THE OAK BY THE WAY-SIDE.'

BY ROBERT M. CHARLTON.

'T is true that Time hath stamp'd his mark upon my lofty brow,
And faded leaf and seamed trunk attest my sorrows now,
And all that once was beautiful, hath gone for ever more,
And merry birds within my boughs no more their music pour;
But shall I mourn their absence? — shall I regret the hour
That tore me from my native soil, amid the forest-bower,
And placed me here, a beacon-tree, to shelter and to cheer
The weather-beaten traveller, amid the tempest drear?

'T is true that in my native bowers my leaves might now be green,
And proudly might my branches toss, above that sylvan scene,
But who would mark their beauty, and who would joy to see
The verdant leaf, the waving bough, the graceful sun-lit tree?
Here near the throng'd way-side, beneath my ample shade,
Hath smiled the happy lover, and blushed the blooming maid;
And here, when from the heavens hath burst the raging storm,
The pilgrim from another land hath bent his weary form;
And happy shouts of childhood, and sounds of mirth and glee,
Have bade the passing stranger pause, and bless the aged tree.

Alas! alas! no heart hath throbb'd, that earth hath ever known,
Round which the 'venomed insect' care, its web hath never thrown;
Not lover in his happiest hour, nor hermit in his cell,
Nor monarch on his golden throne, nor peasant in his dell;
The very ties that keep men here, that link them soul to soul,
Are but the cords that Sorrow holds within his stern control,
And he around whose heart are thrown the strongest and the most,
Is nearer to the fiend *Despair*, than if he none could boast.

Yet who would wish to pass through life, in dark seclusion thrown,
Unblest and yet unblessing, unnoticed and unknown,
Without the dream of happiness that o'er our fate was cast,
That lingers round the memory still, although its bloom be past?
No! let me live while I one boon to aught on earth can give,
And when my boughs no longer shade, then let me cease to live;
But still a beacon-tree of time, memorial of the past,
My lofty, yet my leafless form, shall shrink not from the blast,
And troops of children thus shall say, as by my trunk they glide,
'Our fathers loved this aged oak, that stands by the way-side.'

Savannah, (Georgia.)

MY LOG-BOOK:

OR PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER IN THE UNITED STATES' NAVY.

NUMBER TWO.

THE DESERTER.

THE discipline of our ship was harsh and severe, without that only quality which can ever render it tolerable — fair and equal justice. Our commander was a fiery, passionate little hero; a great stickler for discipline, yet more petulant and unreasonable, than firm or judicious. His crew were discontented, and deserted at every opportunity; and though, when retaken, were punished with extreme severity, it did not cure the evil; and during our winter at Smyrna, we lost some of our best men. Our vicinity to the town, the smoothness of the water, darkened by the high hills that surround the bay, rendered it an easy feat for the daring tar to swim ashore, in spite of the redoubled vigilance of the sentries and the officers of the watch. Thus many succeeded in escaping to the city, where they found ready sympathy, and concealment, among the reckless hordes of adventurers that infest the purlieus of Frank-town.

Irritated at the loss of his men, Captain —, far from seeking to remove the cause of such defection, by ameliorating the condition of those on board, only became more unjust and tyrannical. The men were regarded with suspicion, and degraded and spirit-broken with the lash; and the officers, treated without confidence, were harassed and disheartened. The latter, too, were frequently punished for the escape of men, which it was out of their power to prevent; for in spite of all their caution, their vigilance would occasionally be baffled, in a night-watch, by the adroitness of the sailors.

This had been the fate of young Meadows. One of our best men had escaped during his watch, and after a very stormy interview with our stormy commander, who seemed in truth one of those proud men, who, 'dressed in a little brief authority,'

—— 'like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep,'

was ordered to take me with him, and proceed to the city; the captain shouting after us, as we left the ship's side, 'Do n't come on board my ship again, until you bring that man — dead or alive!' An order that Meadows intended to obey quite literally, being not a little mortified and indignant, himself, that the man had baffled all his vigilance, and escaped during his watch.

This deserter was a Maltese by birth, and it was supposed had deserted from an English frigate at Gibraltar, where we picked him up. His square-built, powerful frame gave indications of great strength, and the dark, sinister expression of his countenance spoke of vindictive passions, and a cunning yet desperate nature. The sailors' gossip gave him the credit of having been a pirate in his time, and by the crew he was generally feared and hated. Yet he was an excellent seaman, and a valuable man in any emergency that required daring, energy, or skill.

It was in the fore part of the day, when we set out in pursuit of Cudgel, which was the deserter's name; and though we had partaken of no refreshment since our usual early breakfast, the continued novelty and excitement of the scenes we passed through, and the spirit and earnestness of our chase, left us no time to think of our mere physical wants; so dinner time passed unregarded, and night stole on, and saw us still absorbed in our fruitless search. Slighted nature, however, began to remonstrate. Hungry and exhausted, and scarcely able to drag my leaden feet along the dirty streets and alleys, I at last ventured to hint to my indefatigable companion the propriety of seeking the 'Old Europa' for a time, to recruit.

Meadows had a frame of too much endurance, and was too deeply absorbed in the chase, to have yet felt the same inconvenience; but at my proposition, he said, after a moment's pause: 'You are right, my poor boy; I did not recollect you were unused to such duty as this. Well, let us go and get supper, and then, if you still feel tired, you may turn in, while I look for that cursed Maltese alone; for have him I will, and that before morning.'

The generous fellow did not mean it, but he a little touched my pride; and I answered, with a tone of pique: 'Never mind, let us keep on. I do n't want any supper now, and I can keep awake as long as yourself.'

'Pooh! youngster,' said he, 'you are too quick; do n't be offended; you know I did not mean to hint any thing like that. To say the truth, I am devilish hungry myself, though it did not occur to me before you mentioned it. So let's get supper, and then, if you choose, we will sally out again. As it is all in our way, we will explore this villanous 'cut-throat alley' again. Perhaps we may meet our gentleman on the road.

So, kindly locking my arm in his own, he turned down the narrow street into a dark, dismal lane, that zigzagged through a nest of low, wretched looking hovels, having barely width for two to walk abreast.

Meadows was well acquainted with all the intricacies of Franktown, for he had often been on such expeditions, through its miserable by-places. He now walked confidently on, saying: 'This is called cut-throat alley. It tolerably well deserves its name. Have your dirk ready, youngster, for I know not how soon you may have to use it.'

We had been through this alley, with the agreeable name, before, during the day, but then we had light to direct our steps; now it was in pitchy darkness, only relieved here and there by the glimmerings that proceeded from the crevices of door or window, in some low mud hovel, from whence came frequent noises that betrayed the living wickedness which was festering within. Up to our ankles in filth, we stumbled on, as we best could, paying no attention to the frequent shriek of distress, or the wild laughter of drunken mirth, that rose from those haunts of vice, where the earth's offscourings held their unhallowed orgies. At last, in passing the half-opened door of one of these huts, Meadows, whose vigilance had never for a moment slumbered, suddenly dropped my arm, and saying, in a low, startled tone, 'Follow me!' sprang into the house.

It was a long, low, narrow room, whose bare, unplastered walls, and floor of hard-trodden clay, gave it a most desolate and comfortless appearance. In the centre, a rude ladder communicated, through a trap-door, with the apartment above. At the farther end, a group of rough-looking men were seated around a table, so deeply engaged in some game they were playing, as not to notice our entrance. At the end nearest the door was a kind of 'bar,' garnished with dirty decanters and bottles, and lighted up with three or four greasy candles. Behind it stood a tall, attenuated, dark-looking man, with sunken, fiery eyes, and a profusion of coarse black hair, covering the greater part of his sallow face. His attire consisted of a blue woollen shirt, and dirty canvass trowsers, around which a large red shawl was girded, and a small Greek scull-cap stuck on the top of his shaggy head. He looked up with a glance, half of inquiry, half of anger, as we entered. Meadows went directly toward him, and, in a bold tone, said that we were American officers, in pursuit of a deserter, who was now in the house, as he had observed him running up the ladder, and we wished to go up and take him.

The gaunt, dark-looking personage shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head, growling some reply in his unintelligible *lingua franca*. 'Pooh!' said Meadows, turning impatiently to me, 'we are losing time in talking to this ghost of misery; follow me.' Just as we were about to mount the ladder, the 'ghost of misery' sprang actively over the counter, and, running fiercely toward us, warned us not to ascend. His barbarous language we could not understand, but his excited gestures were expressive enough. He pointed at our dirks with contempt, and at me, Meadows' only support, with a sneer that raised my boyish indignation. He then counted twenty upon his fingers, to show us the number of persons above, and drew his hand significantly across his throat, to show the manner they would serve us, if we intruded ourselves among them. Beside, he lifted the frail ladder a moment from its place, to let us see that it was quite in his power, by removing it, to cut off our retreat, and leave us to the tender mercies of his friends above.

While he was thus threatening and gesticulating, Meadows regarded him with a patient coolness that amusingly contrasted with the excited ruffian's grotesque vivacity. The stern and scornful expression, however, which I saw stealing over his manly countenance, prepared me for the result that followed. After surveying for a moment the room below, the slight ladder which led to that above, and from head to foot the dark-visaged bandit beside him, he turned round and said, in a quick, sharp tone, 'Youngster, will you follow?'

'To the death!' I replied, with enthusiasm.

'That's right, my brave boy! I see I may depend upon you. Cudgel is here, and you know it is our duty to take him, dead or alive. Perhaps we may have to fight for it; but,' added the gallant fellow, as if to encourage me, 'we are both young and active, and, at the worst, this place is not so high but we may spring down without danger to our necks, even if this black rascal should unship the ladder. So come on!'

He mounted the ladder rapidly, without regarding the exclaima-

tions and gestures of the whiskered ruffian, who still sought to detain us, and I followed close at his heels.

Emerging from the trap-door, we found ourselves in a long, low, dismal-looking apartment, under the roof, dim with the smoke from chibouques and cigars. Its only walls were the rough, over-tiled rafters, and a few straggling boards composed the floor. In the roof were one or two narrow apertures that answered the purposes of windows. Huddled round in a circle, in the centre, were half a dozen fierce-looking men, who, by their countenances, and the red cap, we judged to be Greeks. They were playing at cards. They all looked up, and two or three sprang to their feet, and clutched the long knives which they all wore at their girdles, as we entered. Cudgel was seated at the farther end of the room, with his arms folded, and quietly smoking a cigar, looking in no manner disconcerted at the sudden appearance of his officers.

Meadows fixed his keen eye upon him, and pointing him out to me, as I did not at first observe him, through the smoke, said, 'Ah, there is the rascal we are looking for.'

'Yes, here he is,' said Cudgel, in a calm tone; 'now come and take him!'

Meadows paused a moment to look around. 'Do you speak English?' he asked, addressing the threatening group of desperadoes before him. There was no reply, but they talked loudly and rapidly together. I drew his attention to one who had not risen, and who appeared to be deeply engaged in studying the dirty pack of cards on the floor. I recognised him as one who often came off to the ship in a fruit-boat, and who was known on board by the soubriquet of 'Jack Straw.' Meadows at once called to him, but he seemed by no means pleased with the recognition, and somewhat doubtful whether it would not be prudent to give us the decided cut. In truth, we were rather unrepresentable acquaintances for Jack to his very remarkable-looking friends.

But Meadows was not easily dashed on such occasions; so, walking boldly toward him, he said, in his cool, off-hand manner, 'Jack, my good fellow, don't let us interrupt your friends; we are merely after that rascal in the corner, and when we have secured him, we will leave you to yourselves.'

'You will never leave this place alive, if you attempt it!' shouted Cudgel, with a scornful laugh.

Meadows paid him no attention, but went on talking with Jack Straw.

'Tell your friends I am in the execution of my duty, and shall take that man at all hazards. I am sufficiently armed to fight my way through, if there is any opposition; so, Jack, keep them from interfering, or there will be blood spilt.'

'Take care your own is not spilt, *boy!*' threateningly cried the deserter, who heard what Meadows had been saying. Jack Straw shook his head doubtfully, and advised us to retire, as he despaired of being able to restrain his excited associates, who, he told us, were very desperate characters; but evidently wishing to keep on good terms with us, and finding that we were determined to seize the deserter, he talked very earnestly with them for a few moments,

and, by his gestures, seemed both imploring and threatening, to induce them not to molest us.

While we paused to observe what impression his arguments made, Cudgel rose up, and coming a few steps toward us, again spoke:

'Mr. Meadows,' said he, in a voice of deep excitement, whose hoarse tones seemed to come from the very bottom of his huge chest, 'Mr. Meadows, I respect you more than any officer of that bloody slave-ship, and there 's not a man on board who would not go through h — ll for you. But you see this' — taking from his breast a large Spanish clasp-knife, and springing open its long pointed blade — 'I 'd sooner put it into my own heart, than go on board that ship again. Not the whole ship's company, marines and all, should take me. I am a desperate man; you had better not meddle with me, for I give you warning, that if you come toward me, I 'll give you this to the hilt, as good an officer as you are. Ha ha!' he frantically yelled, as he brandished his murderous weapon, 'midshipmen, you shall get more than you came for!'

'I 'll see that, you d — d Maltese rascal!' said the undaunted Meadows, whose indignation at being thus braved, made him forget for a moment the others who were still loud in fierce dispute; and advancing toward him, with an air of fearless resolution, he put his hand on his collar, and in a brief, stern voice, said, 'Come with me, Sir!'

The moral superiority and commanding bearing of the young officer awed the desperate deserter. He was what might be called 'taken aback.' Habits of obedience seemed yet to retain their influence, even over his fierce nature. He cowered beneath the stern glance of Meadows, and stood irresolute, muttering sullenly to himself.

'Give me your handkerchief to tie this fellow,' said Meadows, turning to me.

'Never!' shouted Cudgel, dashing his huge fist in his face, and springing toward one of the apertures in the roof. Meadows staggered with the heavy blow, and appeared a moment blinded. I ran toward him, thinking he had been struck with the knife. 'Are you hurt?' I asked. 'No, no — never mind me — stop him! stop him!' answered the resolute officer. I turned immediately to grapple with Cudgel, who was endeavoring to force his Herculean body through the window.

'Don't come here, youngster!' cried he, desperately; 'I won't be so tender of you.'

My blood was fully up, and, fired with his threat, I rushed upon him. He made a frantic blow at me with his knife, which was well aimed at my face; but throwing up my left arm, almost involuntarily, I received the point just below the elbow, deep to the bone — I planting my dirk at the same time nearly to the hilt in his side. The impetus of my blow, or the convulsive twinge that followed my blade, sent him out of the window, and he fell heavily to the earth.

'All right!' said Meadows, who was now by my side; 'now, boy, for a retreat. Hillo!' said he, as we turned to depart; 'here 's more ado! We are in a scrape. Keep cool, youngster, and follow my motions.'

Our Greek friends seemed resolved not to part with us so easily, and now surrounded us, with scowling brows, flashing eyes, and brandished weapons. Their numbers had been increased by fresh arrivals from below, and about a dozen as picturesque-looking bandits as *Salvator Rosa* could have desired for the fore-ground of one of his wild mountain passes, were now hemming us in, from the hatch by which we entered, as if to cut off all retreat. The faithless Jack Straw, too, had disappeared, and apparently left us to our fate.

Perfectly self-possessed, Meadows fixed his stern, unquailing eye upon them, and I kept close to him, and regarded him anxiously. The villains seemed yet to have some respect for the lion in their toils, and no small fear of his fangs; but it was evident they waited only for some bolder one to give the signal, to commence the onslaught.

It was a serious business. Here we were, at midnight, in one of the vilest dens of Frank-town, where murders are by no means uncommon; but slightly armed, fatigued by our hard day's duty, and exhausted by want of food; out of reach of assistance, surrounded by a ferocious gang of ruffians, who were every moment getting more excited and furious; I confess for myself, I felt that I should have been much more comfortable, snugly nestling in my hammock.

'Watch your chance to dash through, and spring down the hatch,' said Meadows, in a low whisper.

'I am ready to follow your motions,' I replied, in the same tone.

At that moment, one of the Greeks immediately in front of us slunk behind his next companion, leaving a small break in the circle. Quick as thought, Meadows sprang through, overturning another in his impetuosity, and I followed close upon him. But what was our dismay, at finding the trap-door closed down!

We instantly gained the upright wall of the building, and placing our backs firmly against it, awaited the issue. A ferocious howl of mingled surprise and rage succeeded.

'There is no help for it,' said Meadows, still perfectly cool; 'let us sell ourselves dearly.' A sudden and simultaneous rush interrupted him, and at the same moment we were both down, and unarmed, my dirk being knocked out of my hand, to the middle of the apartment. A powerful Greek held me down; his knee was upon my breast, his eyes gleamed into mine with insane fury; a knife glistened in one hand, while with the other he violently tore the stock from my neck. Closing my eyes with a shudder, and an involuntary prayer, I expected the next moment to feel its keen edge across my wind-pipe, and the moment after to wake in another world.

A tumult and rattling of arms below, made the murderer pause. The trap-door was suddenly forced off, a yelling shout arose, followed by a host of armed men, and cries of fright and astonishment among the ruffians above, and in an instant swords were clashing, blood was flowing, and the Greeks wildly flying in all directions for escape. Had I not been too bewildered with the scene, and overcome with my unlooked-for reprieve from death, I should have admired its melo-dramatic effect.

THE TURKISH GUARD.

THE redoubted guard of Hadji Bey, the military officer of police, (no sinecure, by the way, in Smyrna,) had rescued us from almost certain death.

Those Apollo-formed Albanians, in their picturesque costume, their glancing eyes, and bright weapons, are as ruthless and determined as their brave old leader, the renowned and (by the Smyrna *canaille*) greatly feared Hadji! Thorough work did they make of it, that guard! With their curved cimeters and 'short-butted carabines, they laid about them with a vigor that left the wretches no hope from resistance, and an undistinguishing execution, that left them small plea of partiality. In a few moments, the whole gang, with the exception of a few that escaped from the narrow windows of the roof, strewed the floor, that was flowing with their blood. Then, after a short pause, while the satisfied Albanians were coolly wiping their cimeters, and returning them to their sheaths, the senseless and wounded prisoners were lifted down the hatch, and we were ordered to follow. Our deserter was found lying in the alley, weltering in his blood. He was raised upon the shoulders of the guard, and with the others, carried forward.

The Turks paid but little attention to our attempts at explanation. The stern old bey grimly smiled, when we showed him that we were wounded, and beckoned us to be silent. I pointed to the button of my uniform, to make him understand we were American officers; but he only impatiently nodded, and said 'Pacha, Pacha!'

'Do n't tease the old fellow,' said Meadows; 'we must go before the Pacha. I am devilish weak, though; that cursed Greek put his knife into me. Ah, come here!' he cried, with a deep sigh; but before I could support him, the poor fellow sank to the ground. The old bey coolly beckoned two of his guard to lift him up, and then rode on, as silent as before. Meadows was quite insensible, and as he was carried forward in the arms of the strong-limbed Albanian, I with difficulty, from my own weakness, kept by his side, while we thriddled the dark winding streets to the Pacha's residence. At last we entered the high arched gateway into the vaulted court of the palace. Meadows was taken to the guard-room and placed upon a low platform, whereon several Turkish soldiers lay rolled up in their rough griegos. They merely raised their heads as we entered, and then quietly settled to slumber again.

I seated myself by my unfortunate companion, and endeavored to restore him to consciousness. He had been wounded in the head and neck, and his hand was also deeply gashed, showing that he had struggled with the ruffians to the last. With some difficulty, I procured a little water, and after washing the coagulated blood from his face, and chafing his wrists and temples, I had the satisfaction to see him revive. He faintly opened his eyes, and attempted to speak.

'Here, old boy, do n't give up,' said I, putting the earthen dish, that still contained a little water, to his lips; 'drink some of this, and you will feel better. I only wish I had a little old Columbia to

qualify it; but among these unbelievers, such a thing is not to be had, you know.'

He swallowed a mouthful, and then asked where we were. I told him, and that I feared we should have to remain where we were until morning, as doubtless his highness was too comfortable in his harem, to attend to Christian dogs at that hour. He complained of much pain, and requested me to look at his neck. I removed his stock, and gently washed the blood from his wound. It was a small, deep orifice, but fortunately in the muscular part, clear of the large vein and artery. For want of something better, I tore a bandage from my shirt, and carefully bound it up; and putting my jacket under his head for a pillow, I persuaded him to compose himself to sleep. The wound in his head was slight; his hand I bandaged with my handkerchief, and then attended to my own wounded arm, which was now much benumbed and swollen.

Notwithstanding my fatigue, and the usual reaction of great excitement, I did not feel inclined to sleep. I seated myself by the side of Meadows, and silently revolved over the incidents of the night, and speculated upon what the morrow might bring forth. The only person beside myself, not asleep, in the desolate-looking guard-room, was the sentry at the door. He was a dark-skinned Arab, with black, sunken eyes, and a thin, attenuated moustache. His tall, gaunt form was habited in the anomalous uniform of the modern Turkish soldier. A coarse blue jacket, faced with red; loose knee-breeches and spatterdashes; red slippers and scull-cap; a yatagan stuck in his girdle, and a clumsy carabine, or musket, on his arm. He looked on with imperturbable composure, while I bound up the wounds, without showing in his dark features the slightest interest or sympathy. After a while, I tried to establish a correspondence with him, by means of diverse signs, and the few words of Turkish and *lingua franca* I had picked up. But he seemed averse to conversation, and bending his head upon his hand, motioned me to go to sleep.

I tried to follow his advice; but nearly famished from hunger, cold from having parted with my jacket, anxious and restless, and suffering much pain with my wound, the night wore heavily away. The only relief to its cheerless monotony was when, at long intervals, the shrill cry of the sergeant would raise up my quiet fellow lodgers to their turn of guard duty, and after a slight bustle of the others arriving to occupy their places on the platform, all would again be silent.

The gray dawn of morning, to my inexpressible relief, at last stole into the room. Meadows had a feverish and uneasy slumber; often muttering of the scenes we had passed through, and groaning with pain. When he awoke, he complained of thirst, but strove in vain to swallow a mouthful of water. I bathed his head and neck, which had become greatly swollen, and besought him to patience. We both had sufficient need of this virtue, for several tedious hours passed 'on leaden wings,' before we were escorted out of the guard-room, and conducted up a broad flight of steps into the hall of the palace.

THE PACHA.

THE hall into which we were ushered was spacious and lofty, paved with marble, with a circular fish-pond and its tinkling fountain in the centre. The beams and rafters above were carved and gilded in the Moorish fashion, and the sides were hung with loose crimson drapery. The Pacha was seated upon a raised divan, cushioned and covered with red damask, at the end of the hall. He was surrounded by several gay-looking Turkish officers, and a small guard of soldiers. An old Armenian sat upon a mat near the divan, with some white paper on his knees, and a brass ink-stand thrust in his girdle, ready, as I supposed, to take notes of our examination; and behind him stood an humble-looking Jew, who performed the office of interpreter. The next person I cast my eyes upon, with no little surprise, was our quondam friend, Jack Straw, whom we thought had so treacherously left us to our fate the night before.

The Pacha looked at us keenly, but good humoredly, for a few moments, and the rest of the group followed his example. He then turned and said something to a young officer near him, who replied with a very 'unoriental burst of laughter;' whereat a smile, grim, sneering, or waggish, according to the modifications of visnomy it passed over, spread around the circle.

As we saw no indications that our trial was about to commence, we began to think we had been brought before his Turkish highness, like Sampson before the Philistines, to make sport, and we felt proportionally indignant.

Had we been of the softer sex, however, we might have forgiven the Pacha's stare, in consideration of his beauty. Scarce thirty in appearance, with glorious dark eyes, and pencilled brows, finely-chiselled mouth and chin, brilliantly white teeth, set off by a black silky moustache, and fair, florid complexion, I thought him decidedly one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. With not a particle of the national gravity, he seemed, on the contrary, full of mirth and waggishness; and, to judge by the effect produced, even upon the grim-looking guard, who would now and then relax their stern muscles into a smile, in spite of the terrors of discipline, the jests of his handsome highness were not altogether without point. His conversation, however, was addressed exclusively to a very youthful officer, who seemed to be a favorite, and applauded the Pacha's jokes with his ready and musical laugh. Nothing could be more at variance with my preconceived notions of a Turkish Pacha and his court, than the singular group before me.

By the time our patience was well nigh exhausted, and our *amour propre* not a little hurt, a heavy, deliberate step was heard slowly ascending the stairs, and in a moment in came Hadji Bey.

This Turkish dignitary was a very different man from his master. Hadji never joked, save in quite a practical way, and which, indeed, often proved a very 'sorry jest' to the subject. His jokes were generally cracked upon the crowns of the turbulent wretches of Franktown, where he often left conclusive evidence of the striking force of his wit. No one ever heard Hadji laugh, for he was much too grave a Musselman to do so unoriental a thing; and if he ever

deigned to smile, it was at the yet unbroken strength of his heavy arm, or the excellent temper of his good Damascus blade. To slice off a superfluous ear or head, would perhaps melt his obdurate lip; and he never smiled more facetiously than in the scene of the preceding night. I really think he felt grateful to us — unworthy Christians that we were — for affording him such excellent sport. Hadji was corpulent, for as officer of police, often at the same time judge and executioner, his profession was congenial; and though he was ever riding about, setting right 'the times,' that in this multo-headed city are always 'out of joint,' the agreeable sport he often found, tempered the exercise, keeping him in the best possible spirits, and, with a mind at ease and a good digestion, always in good case.

With elephantine steps, he now moved toward the divan, and performing a grotesque evolution before his highness, in endeavoring to make a lower salaam than his form — constructed, more for feats of strength than those of grace — would altogether tolerate, a brief conversation ensued between them. Suddenly turning about, he began, in a short, quick tone, to question us, the Jew interpreting.

Meadows' throat had become so inflamed, that he could not articulate, and I had to be the respondent. In reply to his brief queries, I told him who we were, and the duty we were upon, when we became engaged in the scuffle with the Greeks. He then asked what had become of the traitor, as he was pleased to call him, who deserted from the ship. When I explained that it was the man he had found in the alley outside the house, he sent one of the soldiers to bring him up. The old Bey then turned to the Pacha, and conversed with him in a low tone.

Our slippery friend, Jack Straw, sidled up to us, and with a favor-courting smile, said we had nothing to fear, for the Pacha called the Americans good friends, but was very angry with the Greeks, who would not get off so easily. As I turned my back upon our perfidious man of straw, Cudgel entered, between two soldiers. He was ghastly pale, covered with blood and dirt, and trembled so, either from fright or exhaustion, that the soldiers had to support him, to keep him from falling.

After I had replied affirmatively to the prisoner's identity, we were again left standing unnoticed; and their conversation having evidently taken another turn, in my anxiety to get on board ship, for the sake of poor Meadows, who I observed was suffering intensely, I ventured to say to his highness that we were both severely wounded, and would be very grateful to be suffered to retire.

The court circle stared at the audacity, I suppose, of the request; but the Pacha good humoredly smiled, and said we should be free presently. Just then our American consul, the excellent Mr. O —, who had been sent for without our knowledge, entered. After bowing respectfully to the Pacha, he came to us, and shaking us warmly by the hand, said, 'My God! what is all this?' I briefly related the whole story, which he repeated to the Pacha, who listened very attentively until he had finished. Then turning to some of his guard, he ordered them to seize Cudgel, and bear him off safely to the ship.

The poor wretch could not have made greater outcry, had the

Pacha ordered him to be beheaded. 'Oh!' he cried, 'do n't take me on board; they will hang me like a dog! I tried to kill an officer! Oh save me!' said he, sinking down upon his knees before the Pacha; 'I will serve you faithfully; I will turn Turk! D — n the Christians! I am a Christian no longer. See here!' he shrieked, baring his arm, upon which was the figure of a cross, in blue ink, as is common among sailors, and frantically spitting upon this symbol of Christianity, 'I forswear it; I am a Turk, and will live and die a Turk. I will be your sailor, soldier — any thing! You are bound to save me from being hanged by those infernal Christians.'

The Pacha seemed anxious to know what all this outcry, so different from Mussulman *sang froid*, was about; and when the Jew explained that the man wished to turn Mahometan, to avoid being hanged, he laughed heartily. Hadji, too, grinned a sardonic smile, that seemed to say, 'We want no such proselytes;' while a scornful sneer curled the lips of the others. Finding even apostacy would not save him, as he was hurried away by the unsympathizing guard, he tried the effect of an appeal to us.

'Oh! do n't speak against me, gentlemen! I was drunk, and did not know what I was about;' (an excuse, by the way, that sailors always think unanswerable.) 'Mr. Meadows, you know I might have killed you, but I did not attempt it. I only wished to escape, and not hurt any one. Save me, gentlemen, and I will live and die for you!' The miserable deserter doubted not he would be hanged, and though I felt some compunctious visitings for the dangerous wound I had given him, and pity for his unmanly terrors, as he just before had sworn he would live and die a Turk, I turned my back upon his distracted supplications.

Jack Straw accompanied us, and edging toward me, said, 'You will remember, if you please, that it was I who saved your lives.'

'Well,' I replied, 'this is the height of assurance! I remember you betrayed us, you villain! — and if I catch you on board the ship, I will have you flogged for your perfidy.'

Jack looked hurt. 'No, Sir, I saved you; if I had not alarmed the guard, you would have had your ———.' Here he drew his hand across his gullet, with a significance that made me shudder, when I recollected how near my own throat had been to the unpleasant operation.

'I saw how 't would be,' said Jack; 'I could not assist you, and so, to prevent murder, I called in the Turkish guard. I warned you, for I knew those men; but you Americans are not afraid of the devil.'

Jack's compliment could not be lost on a young middle; it made us friends at once; and probably increased, by at least a piastre, the reward I put in his in no wise reluctant hand. Jack told us that two of the ruffians were already dead, and several others badly wounded; adding: 'It would be well for them to die, too, for they will be bastinadoed until their feet are of but little farther use to them.' The house had also been razed to the ground, but the keeper of it had escaped; 'though he must soon be found, for Hadji was after him,' and as Jack said, 'it was not so easy to elude old Hadji Bey.'

THE RESULT.

WE found the whole ship in excitement, anxious to know what had occurred. The consul accompanied us into the cabin, and the officers, rather forgetful of etiquette, crowded in after us, to hear the news. A word, however, from our scandalized little captain, sent them to the right about, tolerably crest-fallen with their merited rebuke.

After the usual compliments between the consul and the captain, the latter turned to his unfortunate middies, and exclaimed, in his usual cutting tones: 'This is a pretty business! What does all this mean?' I told him the story, and concluded by saying, that Mr. Meadows was very severely wounded by the Greeks, and that I also had been stabbed in the arm by Cudgel.

'It served you right,' was the consoling reply. 'Lose my men! go ashore and kill people!—kept in a Turkish guard-house all night!—tried before the Pacha the next morning!—American officers! A pretty disgrace to my ship—to the service, Sir—to the service! The commodore shall know of it! You shall be tried and broken! The Pacha would have been justified in hanging you!'

I saw poor Meadow's eyes flash with indignation, and he made a fruitless attempt to reply to this cruel speech. I touched him, and whispered him not to mind what the barbarian said.

He now turned fiercely toward the trembling deserter:

'You, wretch!—miscreant! Raise a knife against an officer! He was a fool, not to have killed you on the spot. Mutiny!—desertion!—mutiny!—attempt at murder! Hanging will be too good for you! You shall be whipped to death at the gang-way!'

The miserable man, at last worn out, either from loss of blood, or the climax of terrors that his dreaded tyrant held up to his bewildered fancy, sunk down in a swoon, and was carried below to the surgeon. Our worthy consul witnessed the whole scene with disgust and amazement; and when the captain turned round, apparently to give us another 'blast of that dread horn,' took his hat, and coolly bidding him good morning, left the cabin.

After another series of violent denunciations from the captain, we were also suffered to depart, but with repeated assurances that he should take measures to have us brought before a court martial.

Little farther need be said. Meadows was a long time an invalid, but finally recovered. My wound soon healed, and my boyish temperament triumphed over the chimeras dire that our spiteful little commander had raised.

As we sailed soon after from Smyrna, I never learned the fate of our dangerous shore acquaintances. But as Turkish law inclines more to justice than mercy, I presume they got their deserts. Cudgel languished a long time in a doubtful state. We fell in with the commodore at Malta, and a representation of the affair being made to him, the poor wretch was turned ashore, to linger a short time, and then to die peaceably in his native land. And we escaped a court martial.

SONNETS TO THE HOUSATONIC.

I.

SWEET stream ! that hast thy birth-place in the vale
 Where my own days their swifter lapse began,
 I bless thee with the blessing of a man
 Who, after years of wandering, balk, and bale,
 Weary, and worn, and desolate, and pale,
 Returning, from some bosky hill-top sees
 His boyhood's home white-gleaming through the trees,
 And scents his first-loved flowers upon the gale
 That lifts the thin locks from his mournful brow,
 And wafts him welcome to that lovely scene,
 Where Memory hoarded all she hath of green,
 And Hope, no wiser grown, doth even now
 Pour round his sober age a richer sheen,
 Than on his tempted youth, vain World, didst thou !

II.

I AM that lorn returner, gentle stream !
 And mine the heart that, with a grateful sense
 Of past endearments, blesses thee from hence,
 As from yon vale, with soft and silvery gleam
 Of smiles — sole light of many an absent dream ! —
 Thy presence fills mine eyes with pleasant tears,
 The first that there, for long and gloomy years,
 Have felt the glow of joy's relumined beam.
 Blessings upon that wistful gaze and mild,
 With which thou greet'st thy recreant's return !
 Even as a mother's swelling feelings yearn
 Towards her wayward and repentant child,
 No more the Eden haunts of home to spurn
 For the world's waste — no more from love beguiled !

W. F. F.

SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES.

AGE FOURTH.

'Then the soldier ;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like a pard,
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation,
 Even in the cannon's mouth.'

WHEN a man is impelled to do a thing, whether to invent a machine, feed the poor, make a speech, or write a play — when the wants of his nature drive him to action of some kind — for activity is as much a want as rest — he will most likely do it well ; i. e., he will follow some rule, some plan, some pattern, he has in his mind, and which, perhaps, he has acquired unconsciously, and only knows himself to be possessed of, by the demand it makes to be applied. As birds delight in flying, as horses love the chase, and as all the brute creation rejoice in the exercise of their powers, so eloquence, ingenuity, and all the higher powers of man, are ever seeking to give themselves a visible form in action. When men act on purpose, they are stiff and artificial ; when they act from principle, they are good ; but when they act from an irrepressible desire *to do*, they are true, or in the path of truth.

Men often do and say their best things unconsciously. And thus were the finest passages of Shakspeare written. The story about the Vicar of Wakefield does not contradict this; neither does Campbell's opinion of his 'Hohenlinden,' himself calling it 'humdrum stuff' — an opinion not far out of the way, though the world has reversed it.* For as the young, at other times awkward, move gracefully to the sound of music, not aware that they are describing lines of beauty in every motion, so when men act from strong impulse, they must be working under some powerful natural plan, which will lead them, in consistency and good proportions, to the conclusion of their subject. Are those lines which are considered the choice passages of Goldsmith and Shakspeare, underscored in the original? Does the bee guard more fiercely the wax or the honey of her labor? We select the parts that suit our taste, and are applicable to our wants and situation, and some passages please all the world, and are applicable to all the world, because all men have something in common; but the whole was framed from a nearly perfect plan, where the parts are so rich, and shining, and true. The elegant extracts, the newspaper selections, from a popular writer, are perhaps often the offspring of the least study, but the most feeling; those passages which have flowed from his mind by natural association; not a labored imitation, a half-formed conception, or phrases of 'ambitious phraseology.' The heavens are not astonished at the lightnings they engender, nor does the atmosphere start when it conducts the sound of the thunder, more than when it brings to our ears the murmuring of the rivulet. Both are the result of a general law, which is always going on; sometimes in productions of beauty, then of comfort, and again of terror and pain; as the divine gift of poetry, in its natural developments, instructs, reproves, delights, and elevates. But this was not written to instruct, nor that to reprove; neither this to delight, nor that to elevate. The poet was only following out a plan in his mind, and the variety of his moods is the variety of nature.

Mrs. Siddons and the Indian orator were found to use the same tones of voice to express similar passions and emotions. Neither had rules of voice. They gave themselves up to the teaching of the occasion, and became famous. The player who feels his part, as well as the orator who speaks from his heart, in his physical nature undergoes the changes which answer to the sentiments of the character he represents, and thus produces effects only equalled by reality. For instance; real suffering closes the box or larynx in the throat, and causes that smothered sound we hear from sorrowing persons. No art or study can compensate for want of feeling; and the labor of the actor should not be a practise in tones and gestures, but a working up of himself to a just appreciation of, and sympathy with, the character he is to personate. All rules of rhetoric, of poetry, of arithmetic, are but descriptions of what people do, most obviously, to produce a certain effect; they are framed for the assistance of those who will not think, cannot feel, and do not understand. Every

* Let our correspondent match us this line:

'Far flashed the red artillery!'

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

scolding Hecate, at times — for the violent are also the most gentle — uses all the tones of voice recognised in 'Rush on Elocution;' and the veriest huckster at a bargain, the most abject miser, applies rules of arithmetic he could not read in print. The patriot rises into the orator, when his rights are invaded, and sits down without knowing that he has kindled fires of patriotism in every bosom of those who heard him, and spoken, perhaps with some improvement upon them, according to the directions laid down in 'Cicero de Oratore;' and the poet, in the love of nature, thinks in music, 'for the numbers come.'

The Father of all things sometimes creates a man who does every thing well, without any assistance from what is called learning and rule; one who, though ignorant of books, is learned in things, and who, by acting directly and independently, reaches results no plodder could ever attain to; thus claiming for himself the paternity of all science, whether pertaining to matter or mind. Laws of oratory, poetry, and arithmetic, were made at the same time with the law of gravitation; (this is mentioned for the benefit of those who have been educated in the belief that there is no higher tribunal than the Quarterlies;) and as the world enjoyed the latter until the birth of a Newton, without ever thinking of what was always before their eyes, it may be that the phenomenon of a Shakspeare, a Goldsmith, a Coleridge, may not yet have been referred to a true principle. In an age of so much bigotry in taste, when men are made or crushed in a day by the great leviathans of letters, it is singular to think that the perpetual books were written, when there were few written or printed words in the world, and no self-constituted judges to forestall public judgment of an author; that what has now passed into binding and gilt, on the sacred shelves of libraries, had no reference in its production to any thing but present use. Without presumption, perhaps, it may be said, concerning what is still a great mystery, that the reason why we have to look *back* for models in sculpture, painting, poetry, and almost every thing grand and noble — patriotism, self-devotion, religion — is, that the past had occasion for all these, and we have not, though we might have happily, were not this an age of unprincipled partisanship and money.

Having copied out from a pocket Shakspeare the 'Fourth Age' of the great historian of our race, thus much of words or thoughts (the reader must decide for himself) came to the writer, while in a serious and somewhat sad frame of mind, as he contemplated the shortness of man's history, he was led to the question, why Shakspeare divided his book into seven chapters? 'Why, Sir, are there not seven cardinal virtues? Seven mortal sins? Seven golden candlesticks? Seven heavens?' 'Tis more than I know, replied my uncle Toby. Are there not seven wonders of the world? Seven days of Creation? Seven planets? (in Shakspeare's time only *six* known, answers an objector,) Seven plagues?' Do not children shed their teeth the seventh year? Is not the human frame renewed once in seven years? But add to these the 'seven wise men' — the seven stars. Surely all these make a sufficient reason why man's ages should be *seven*.

Observe, too, the charm of odd numbers! Is there no reason in it? Why the five acts of a tragedy, the three acts of a comedy, the

one act of a farce? Who ever heard of a committee of two? Do you often find a four-leaf'd clover? *Even* things are unknown in nature. A prism has three sides. Revolutions in France last three days. Hens hatch in three weeks. A discourse has a beginning, a middle, and an end. Man has three natures, the moral, intellectual, and physical, and is subject to three great states, life, death, and eternity; and there are three ages on each side of the apex of the 'seven ages.' The middle point is the important one in every work; it contains the argument of a discourse; it is the fulcrum of the lever. In the 'ages,' it is 'the soldier' — the age of action.

Behold man in his prime! Infancy has budded, and boyhood blossomed; the fragrance of love and affection has emanated from the flower — now is the fruit. Life has thus far been spent in helplessness — in dreams and visions — in preparation for action. It has been a delight and a discipline. At times, clouds have obscured its happiness, and the youth has met with obstacles he did not anticipate. But as yet he has had no serious grief; for the tears of the school-boy are soon dry, and the sighs of the lover soon dissipated. The fights and disputes, the emulations and rivalries, of the boy, the sorrows, and hot tears, and sobbing disappointments, of too tender hearts having done their office, are soon forgotten. A spirit of hope, strong physical powers, a flow of spirits, known only to youth, have triumphed over all sorrows. No written romance ever equalled, in incident and adventure, in passion and enthusiasm, that romance which can never be written, which has been going on in the human mind in the three first stages of its history. And if it were written, it could never be read, except by its author, for every mind has an individual language, in which it talks to itself. Sometimes our poets have confidence to utter snatches of the inner language to the multitude, and they pronounce it jargon and nonsense. To them it is so. The fault is in the utterance — too great a confidence in the sympathy of the world. Some minds, like Shelly, and Chatterton, and Keats, have dared, to their destruction, to summon to the light and scrutiny of the world those spirits never made for day, but created to lie encradled in the bosom, and do the secret bidding of the soul.

But now the illusions are gone; the mists are lifted from the valleys; the rugged, the smooth, appear what they are. Awakened from his trance, the 'soldier' rejoices to find that he is to exchange fancy for fact, and his energy knows no bounds, his zeal no moderation. A trumpet sounds in his ears; 'that bright dream was his last!' He flings the garland of roses from his brow; he unclasps the arms that would entwine him; a mightier energy than he has yet known, impels him, and Fame beckons him away from Love. Thus he becomes a 'soldier of the cross,' or he contends in the arena of politics. He reads away his eye-sight over musty parchments, and learns forms and precedents, that he may be a contender in courts. Money, gain, the counterfeit of power, demands his days and nights, that he may wear the palm of victory on 'change. He travels in foreign lands, in danger of life and health, that he may have knowledge. A soldier he becomes, and fights no inglorious battle with want, poverty, and neglect, that he may win — not to be unknown.

Alas ! sometimes a soldier, armed with steel, he is, and hopes to find his heart's ease in a carnage and a slaughter ; consents to look upon his fellow men as mere tools, by whose imprisonment and death he is to raise an imperishable monument to his name. Vain hope, this last ! The time is coming, if not now just by, when war shall be considered as base and brutal, as it is wicked and dishonorable ; when, instead of tinsel dresses, and the drum and fife, and all its ' pomp and circumstance,' they who fight, whose trade is blood, shall wear mourning dresses, and, like the executioners at hangings, go not unmasked.

' The soldier' must have deep excitements. No longer can he bend to the delicate influences of his youth, save for pastime and relief. His nature asks the storm. As the early shoots and tendrils of the plant, grown to become the tree, which no longer can wave, to quicken the circulation of its juices, with the evening breeze, nor feel the lighter zephyrs of the heavens, now seems to court the rising wind, and fling its arms joyfully in the tempest ; so man, the soldier, rushes to the conflicts, frenzies, quarrels, which may task his strength. Excitement he *must* have. Talk not of the dangers of youth, the seductions of vice, and the love of pleasure, in the young, and quake with fear. Bad influences these may be ; yet how do they compare in danger with those riper crimes, those smooth-faced villainies, those canting deviltries, those speculating robberies, that task the pride of mind, at the same time that they subserve baser passions, and hurl the strong man down many fathoms deep in sin, never to rise ! The youth allured from virtue, taken in a fault, in which his body sins and not his mind, may still come back and ' seek his father's face,' repent, and love, and be forgiven. Not so the man to whom the world is real. Led away by no soft passion, no novel game, he sins in earnest with his soul ; concocts, and plans, and executes, and riots in his crime. ' He seeks the bubble reputation, even in the cannon's mouth ;' reputation for skill, talent, energy ; and loses virtue, peace, and heaven. ' Jealous in honor,' he fights duels ; ' sudden and quick in quarrel,' he seeks contention.

Happy may he consider himself, who, in this dangerous age, makes his campaigns clothed in the Christian armor ; who ' takes unto himself the whole armor of God, that he may be able to stand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace ; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith you shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.'

WIT AND TRUTH.

HE that his reason trusts to wit,
Will often lose his way ;
As he that would by lightning walk,
Not by the beams of day.

HELLAS.

FAIR land! where every mountain dell,
 To old poetic legends given,
 Of patriot-valor's deeds could tell,
 Unnumbered as the stars of heaven;
 Land of the Muses' only home,
 The Muses' first and latest love,
 Where Pindus and gray Helicon,
 And every stream and mountain-grove,
 Recalls the voice of ages past;
 The warrior's meed, the poet's song,
 The echoing trumpet's battle-blast,
 The lay of love thy plains along:
 Land of the olive and the vine,
 Of sunny crag and dark blue skies,
 Where roses with the bay entwine,
 To form the wreath that never dies:
 The wreath that hung around thy name,
 Child of the Muse, Minerva's pride!
 Still claims for thee the envied fame,
 The swelling wave of glory's tide:
 Land of the old poetic dream,
 Where erst Apollo loved to dwell,
 And poured along Thessalia's stream*
 The music of his golden shell;
 Where from each height an Oread sung,
 Each tree a Dryad's native home,
 While from her urn each Naiad flung
 The crystal fountain's silvery foam:
 Oh! where are we, and where art thou,
 Beloved of heaven, fair freedom's pride!
 In dust thy glorious banner low,
 And shiver'd spear, lie side by side!
 Oh! where is now that spirit free,
 When, as the turban'd slave came on,
 The voice of old Thermopylae
 Sent back the cry of Marathon?
 Lord of the lion-heart and name,†
 Awake! arouse thee from the tomb!
 Thy country calls from tower and plain,
 And glory's watch-fires, quenched in
 gloom.

Where, isle of Teucer,‡ where are they
 Whose blood once crimsoned freedom's
 wave,
 When down along Ægina's bay,
 Proud Persia's myriads found a grave?
 Oh where, Cithæron,§ is the band
 That kept Platea's field of fame,
 And onward, for their native land,
 Drove tyrant-threat, and slavery's chain?
 Land of the brave! for thee no more
 The patriot-prayer shall rise to heaven,
 No more along thy rocky shore
 The exulting victor's shout be given;
 Gone is the lightning of thine eye,
 And gone the banner and the spear;
 Around thy path dark shadows lie,
 And strangers drop for thee the tear.

* The river 'Amphysus.'

† Leonidas, King of Sparta. The effigy of a lion was placed upon his tomb, in allusion to his name.

‡ 'Salamis.'

§ The field of Platea lay near the base of Mount Cithæron.

I turn me to the Athenian grove,
 Where calm Cephissus loved to flow,
 While Plato drew from realms above
 Fair Wisdom's self to dwell below.
 Where art thou, grove of Academe!
 Where thy pure waters river fair,
 And where Ilissus' whispering stream?
 Gone — numbered with the things that
 were!
 And gone is old 'Athena's' power,
 The city of Minerva's sway,
 Where crumbling fane and roofless tower
 Look lovely still, amid decay.
 Or shall I stand on Lunium's brow,
 And gaze along the Ægean wave,
 Whose thousand islands sleep below,
 Lull'd by the murmuring waters' lave?
 Ah, God of Day! 'tis only thou
 Remain'st of all that once was fair;
 Thy beauteous isles are lonely now,
 Yet still thou lov'st to linger there!
 Where is thy Dolos, Sun-God, where
 Thy natal island of the seas —
 Latona's wave-emerging lair,
 The star-gem of the Cyclades?
 Thy shrine hath sunk, and thou art left,
 God of the voice and vision old!
 Of fount, of song, and lyre bereft,
 Thy throne in dust, thy altar cold!

Thou of the vineyard and the vine,
 Does Naxos* still thy presence own,
 The verdant tendrils still entwine
 Around thy temple's once loved home?
 Child of the wave! fair beauty's queen,
 Whom ocean gave to light above,
 While round thy brow were clustering seen
 The golden flowers of life and love;
 Say, does thine own Cythera's† dome
 With streaming incense greet no more,
 No more the circumambient foam
 Make music with its rocky shore?
 Lord of Olympus! Ægis-king!
 Around whose calm majestic brow
 The Phidian‡ curls hung clustering,
 While ether bathed thy throne below:
 God of the rattling thunder-peal,
 Of regal eye, and stern command,
 Who mad'st the guilty nations feel
 The terrors of thy living brand;
 Son of the banished lord of heaven,§
 Thy father's hate, thy father's foe,
 To whom the sceptre once was given,
 O'er sunny skies, and earth below;
 Still high in air thy mountain soars,
 Snow-diadem'd, of many a peak,||
 Still mid its billowy foliage roars
 The warrior-blast from Ossa's steep.

* Naxos was sacred to Bacchus.

† Island of Cythera, near which Venus is said to have sprung from the sea, and where she had a celebrated temple.

‡ Phidias declared that he derived his model of the statue of Olympian Jove from the celebrated line of Homer.

§ 'Saturn.'

|| Πολυτείραδος Ολυμποιο.

HOMER.

But where art thou, Eternal Jove !
 And where the altar and the fane,*
 That down along the Ælian[†] grove
 Graced Pisa's loved and sunny plain ?
 All, all has vanished like a dream,
 The muses' lay, the poet's creed ;
 No more the Naiad haunts the stream,
 No more a thousand victims bled.
 Gone are the Dorian melodies,‡
 The incense-cloud, the choral strain,
 And Delphi now neglected lies —
 Forever ceased Apollo's reign :
 Yet, fairest mount of poet's dream,
 Parnassus of the double peak,
 Still from thy rocks Castalia's stream
 In prattling music loves to leap :
 Still winds the bee his little horn,
 O'er thy lone sides, Hymettus fair ;
 The crystal dew-drops of the morn,
 The mountain thyme, still linger there ;
 And still Alpheus loves to flow,
 And join his bride \$ in western seas,
 While still are heard thy whisperings low,
 O king of rivers ! to the breeze. ||
 Ah ! land of beauty, and of love,
 Of cave, and dell, and valley green,
 And moss-grown fane, and haunted grove,
 And golden skies, and crystal stream !
 Ah ! parent of a valiant line,
 Whose deeds shall live on history's scroll,
 Beyond the power of scathing time,
 While seas shall heave, and planets roll ;
 Ah ! nurse of earlier, happier years,
 Whose name comes fraught with every
 charm,
 To call forth pity's scalding tears,
 Or with heroic feelings warm !
 Eternal fountain of the mind,

Thy gushing waters still ascend,
 And at them all of human kind
 Still low the knee of homage bend ;
 To thee the lonely scholar comes,
 With care-dimmed eye, and pallid brow,
 And muses mid thy ruined homes,
 Where all he loves is silent now.
 To thee the patriot ever turns,
 O glorious nurse of freedom's tree !
 For on thy hallowed altar burns
 The watch-fire of the brave and free ;
 For thee e'en Beauty heaves the sigh,
 For thee she drops the pensive tear
 Since with thee from her native sky,
 She came to linger many a year.
 She came to Plato's hallowed grove,
 And taught the lay of other spheres,
 Where, bathed in fires of heavenly love,
 *Our long-lost home at length appears ;
 She came to breathe along the page,
 Where fancy's visions ever dwell,
 Unscathed by time, undimmed by age,
 The music that she loved so well.

And now for thee, sweet land ! once more
 She oft recalls those happier days,
 When all around thy rocky shore
 The Sun of Freedom poured its rays.
 When hill, and stream, and tower, and
 town,
 Freed from dark slavery's vassalage,
 Exchanged the blood-stained tyrant's
 crown,
 For freedom's holiest heritage.
 Farewell, a long farewell to thee,
 Land of the brave, and wise, and good !
 Thy day-spring ne'er again may be,
 Thy sun hath set mid waves of blood.

E. H. J.

'THE PEACE OF GOD.'

Oh what can compare to the peace of God,
 When it cometh upon the heart,
 Where once contending passions trod,
 When it bids them all depart :
 Oh ! not the peace of the battle plain,
 When the day's hot fight is o'er ;
 There war may madly rage again —
 In that heart it can rage no more.

'T is not like the peace to the ocean given,
 When above the soft skies smile ;
 True, it may image the face of heaven,
 And be gentle and calm awhile ;
 But shall not the clouds again be hung
 Above it, in gorgeous gloom,
 And shall not many a life be flung
 Away on that stormy tomb ?

'T is not like the peace of the fruitful land,
 When the valleys are thick with corn ;
 That peace all hearts may understand,
 For of earthly things 't is born ;
 But thou wouldst not call it peace, hadst
 Before God's holy shrine, [knelt
 And that blessed calm in thy spirit felt
 That none can e'er define.

Turn not to earth, for its brightest joys
 Beside his light are dim ;
 But there is a pleasure nought destroys,
 And it flows alone from him.
 Oh, be that peace within thy breast !
 Then shalt thou surely know,
 That save his pure and holy rest,
 There is no true peace below. M. A. E.

* Temple of Jupiter, at Olympus.

† Altis.

‡ Doric mood, usually employed in pæans.

§ Arethusa in the island of Ortygia, off Syracuse.

|| Eurotas, now called Basili Potamo.

* Plato's doctrine of the *το καλον*, or eternal beauty, blended with his other doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and its return to earth from its dwelling in the skies.

THE JESUIT'S SERMON.

ALL persons who are in the least familiar with the early history of the West, know with what pure and untiring zeal the Catholic missionaries pursued the work of conversion among the savages. Before a Virginian had crossed the Blue Ridge, and while the Connecticut was still the extreme frontier of New-England, more than one man, whose youth had been passed among the warm valleys of Languedoc, had explored the wilds of Wisconsin, and caused the hymn of Christian praise to rise from the prairies of Illinois. The Catholic priest went even before the soldier and trader. From lake to lake, from river to river, the Jesuits pressed on, unrelenting, and with a power that no other Christians have exhibited, won to their faith the warlike Miamis, and the luxurious Illinois. For more than a hundred years did this work go forward. Of its temporary results we know little. The earliest of the published letters from the missionaries were written thirty years after La Salle's voyage down the Great River. But, were the family records of France laid before us, I cannot doubt that we should find there evidences of savage hate diminished, and savage cruelty prevented, through the labors of the brotherhood of Jesus. And yet it was upon these men that England charged the war of Pontiac! Though every motive for a desperate exertion existed on the part of the Indians — the dread of annihilation, the love of their old homes and hunting-grounds, the reverence for their fathers' graves — all that nerved Philip, and fired Tecumseh — yet to the Protestant English the readiest explanation was, that Catholics, that Jesuits, had poisoned the savage mind!

It was during this war — the war of extermination which the savages commenced as one man, on Michigan, Huron, Erie, and Ontario, along the frontiers, and among the quiet hollows of Pennsylvania and Virginia — that the incidents occurred which I am about to relate.

A chief of the Wyandots, which tribe had returned to its old home upon the Maumee, since the conclusion of the war between the Iroquois and Miami confederacy, instead of joining Pontiac, who commanded at the north, went with some of his warriors to the aid of the Shawanese, then living upon the Scioto. He was a man much resembling Logan, so celebrated ten years later — calm, stern; in peace kindly, but in war a true Indian; of vast personal strength, and commanding energies, he led wherever he went. Many a mother, during the terrible summer of '63, started at the howl of the watch-dog, and listening, thought she heard the dreaded voice of the Deep-river, as the Wyandot chief was called; and many a mother did hear that voice. He had taken up the hatchet for extermination, and he spared not age, or sex, or beauty, or courage. Forty scalps, that autumn, stretched upon twigs, were drying in the air at his wigwam door.

Yet the Deep-river had spared one. In a narrow valley near the Green-briar, not far from the now fashionable White Sulphur Spring, dwelt a little family of four, who, when they heard in April of the peace that had been concluded between France and England, thanked

God that their dangers were now over ; that they might now sow and reap in safety. Four months passed by, and but one of the circle remained alive. He was a boy, about ten years old ; a true backwoodsman — bold, resolute, quick, and fearless. When the savages burst into his father's cabin, and the Wyandot chieftain, throwing open the door of their sleeping-room, buried his tomahawk in the old man's brain, the boy Emanuel had caught down a pistol from the shelf, and, standing upon the bed, dealt the Indian a blow across the eyes that he felt for weeks. His followers would have tortured the child, but the Deep-river said : ' No ! he is Indian ; he shall live.'

So the boy remained through the fall, among the many captives that thronged the Indian towns upon the Scioto, most of whom were afterward delivered up to Col. Bouquet ; and early in the winter of '64 was taken by the Wyandot to his own country ; for the chief saw that the efforts of the red men would be in vain. Fort Pitt had been relieved, and Pontiac had been foiled at Detroit. Dark and gloomy were the thoughts of both captor and captive, as they journeyed to the frozen home of the Wyandots.

While Emanuel had been among the other white children, he had not realized his losses, but when he reached the villages on the Maumee, and saw about him only the grim features of the warriors, the scowling squaws, and the dark faces of the Indian boys, he felt that he had indeed lost all he once clung to, and his buoyant spirit drooped at length. So one evening he came home, and sitting down at the feet of the Deep-river, who was musing bitterly over the embers, he said : ' Chief, I have no father ; will you be my father ?' The heart of the Indian was touched, and he determined to adopt as his own the son of the man he had murdered.

While the Wyandot warriors had been gone to the war, a new dweller had built his wigwam in their village. It was a Jesuit priest, named Du Quesne, a relative, I think, of the old governor. He was young, ardent, full of faith, and void of all worldliness. Upon the banks of the little Rhone-stream that sung by his father's door, he had read of the labors of the Catholics in China, India, and America, among the mountains of Mexico, and by the mighty lakes of Canada ; and his quick spirit had been wrought to that point that crowns and kingdoms, wealth, power, and fame were as dust in the balance, against the sufferings and labors, the trials and glories, of a missionary. And now that he was amid those trials, he walked as one worthy of them ; and so kindly, so loving, so true, were all his words and ways, that the young Wyandot women, who understood but one word in ten, came with their children and listened to him, as we listen to a sweet song in a foreign tongue.

But the Deep-river was no woman ; and when he heard, at his return, of the hold Father Louis had taken on the affections of his people, he would almost have driven him from the village, had he not been French, the foe of his foe ; for he felt as Red Jacket felt and said, in after years : ' If you wish us well, keep away ; do not disturb us ; we like our religion, and do not want another.'

I have said that the Wyandot chief meant to adopt the boy Emanuel ; and though the ceremonies of adoption were still delayed, he treated him as a son, and as a son expected him to fear and obey

him. But the Virginia lad was little disposed, at times, to do any one's will but his own, and his Indian father then punished him, Indian fashion — broke a hole in the ice, and thrust him in. Such treatment brought on contests, and the contests produced ill-feeling. The young Long-knife, as his red play-mates called him, was hot and quick, and the Deep-river was one who would be obeyed.

Upon an occasion of this kind, the Wyandot, thinking he was ruining the boy by too great mildness, pulled forth a buffalo thong, and gave him a scourging, that went through muscles and bones to the soul itself. Noon came, and Emanuel was not in the wigwam. Night came, and still he was not in the wigwam. The chief needed to reflect but one moment, and his own feelings told him that the beaten child had left his lodge. The mind of the savage is like a nicely-poised weight, and for a while the Deep-river balanced between admiration and enmity; affection stronger than ever, and more deadly hate.

The boy had, as he supposed, left him full of the agony and impotence of boyish resentment. He had seen, while at play, another white face in the village, and went at once to the hut of the Jesuit. His story was soon made intelligible to one that read English as well as Father Louis did, and they slept, that night, side by side.

With the first dawning of day, the Wyandot chief was abroad. His mind balanced no longer. 'It was the part of a squaw to spare him as I did,' he said. 'The Great Spirit is angry; he would smell the blood of the Long-knife.' He stood for an instant in the centre of the Indian town; then, with unerring instinct, went straight to the Frenchman's door.

Emanuel lay upon the arm of his new protector, dreaming of that quiet vale upon the Green-briar, where he had chased butterflies with his sisters, and where the bones of those sisters now whitened in the rains of winter. Suddenly the dim light of morning broke through the opened door, and was hid again by the form of the Deep-river. He bent over the sleepers, and seeing it to be as he supposed, shook the priest by the arm.

'What want you?' said Du Quesne, alarmed, and half awake. The Wyandot pointed to the child, who, with pale cheek, but set teeth, drew back from his dreaded father. The Frenchman shrugged, and shook his head.

'He is my son!' said the savage, sternly.

'Those words drove fear from Emanuel's heart, for the night of his father's death was fresh before his mind. 'It's a lie!' he said, 'you murdered my father — you stole me!'

'Shall I take him?' said the Deep-river, calmly.

'For what?' asked the doubting priest.

'Death!' was the brief, but all-comprehending answer.

'Never! I will die myself sooner!' said the Jesuit, his clear eye dilating.

'It is well!' — and the chief turned on his heel as he spoke.

It lacks half an hour of full noon. The Indian children have left their sports on the frozen river, and stand silent about the door of the council-house. The warriors are met in judgment; the club,

whose blow upon the earth is the note for death, stands by the side of the great war-chief, the Deep river. Opposite are the pale priest, and the wondering but undaunted boy Emanuel.

An aged Wyandot chief rises, a long-trying friend of the French. 'Brother,' he says, 'I have something to say to you. My father over the big water fought, and his red children with him; but the Long-knives were strong, and my father fell asleep. Then his red children fought alone; they took many scalps; they took prisoners; they drank the life-blood of my father's enemies. Was this wrong?

'My father has a religion, and worships the Great Spirit in a way of his own. The Long-knives hate his religion; I have heard that they killed the friends of my father, because they prayed with him. Was it a lying bird that told me this?

'Brother! The boy you hold by the hand, hates my father's religion, and would shed his blood. Look! does not my brother put a rattlesnake in his bosom?

'Brother! Our chief would crush that snake, but he will not tear it from him that shelters it; he will crush both together. He tells us my brother wills it so.

'See! when the sun is on this line, it is noon. Till then, my brother may think if he will yet hold the reptile; or he may show us why he holds it. When it is noon, the club must go round, and my brother will live or die, as the council pleases.'

For some moments the breath of the Jesuit came too fast for his feelings to find words; but his enthusiasm was too pure, too deep, to let the weak body rule long; and, dropping the English boy's hand, and throwing back his robe, he answered them in their own tongue.

'Warriors,' he said, 'I had thought you brave; I had heard of bold deeds done by you; but I must have erred. Perhaps it was the Senecas that did these things; and the Wyandots sit at home, and spill the blood of priests and children! No?—no you say? What means this council? Is not the Deep-river strong enough to tear this boy from me, if he wishes him? Does he fear a white man, that he does not do it? Let him do it, and he shall see that I can die in the boy's cause!

'But my brother says the boy is my enemy. Then why did he come to me for help? No human being is my enemy, that asks my assistance; red or white, man or child. I care not what tongue he speaks, or what dress he wears; if he is helpless, he is my friend.

'My brother says this boy hates his father's religion, my religion. Does my brother care for that religion?—and if not, why came I to this place? To make him care for it. I love him, though he know nothing of it; I love him, even though, in his ignorance, he hate it. My brother worships the Master of Life, and I worship him, and this child worships him; more than that I care not to know. You, my brother, and I, have one father in France, and so we are brothers, though we dress differently, live differently, and speak not the same language; and you, and I, and this boy, have one Father in Heaven; and let us differ in other things as we may, we are brothers still. It is enough! He is helpless, and is my friend; he is, like me, a child of the Great Spirit, and as such, I will die for him!'

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and not a word more was spoken

in that assembly. Then the hands of the priest were bound together, and a belt drawn over his eyes. That was the moment of agony. In the darkness of that moment, his father's cottage rose before him, and he saw the old man kneeling, and heard his prayer for the chosen and best beloved one in the wilderness. Then, indeed, was the heart of the missionary faint. All that he had labored for, and looked forward to, was in that moment to be lost forever. But the hand of Emanuel sought his again, and the touch was relief. He felt that he died for a great principle, and that his death would not be in vain; that he was about gaining, not losing, what he had labored for, and looked forward to.

The word passed that it was noon. The belt fell from the Jesuit's eyes, and before him, with a keen and polished knife, stood the Deep-river.

'Is my brother yet strong?' said the chieftain.

'He is stronger than ever, Wyandot,' replied the ready victim; 'he rejoices to die for an enemy, and one that hates his faith. He might talk christianity for years, and your ears be deaf; but, see! he dies for a stranger and foe! This is a sermon that will sink into your hearts, though it were stone. Strike!'

The blade descended, but it was to cut the bonds, not to pierce the heart.

'My brother,' said the Indian, 'is no coward. He has spoken good words. He has acted like a man. We believe the Great Spirit has whispered wisdom in his ear. Look! my brother is free; the boy of the Long-knives is free; they may go! The Deep-river will shed no blood this day.'

J. H. P.

DEATH.

A PARAPHRASE OF 'DEATH,' BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LACON.'

Thou King of Terrors! better termed
The terror chief of kings;
Like them, what art thou but a name,
If stripped of outward things?
The grief, the conflict, and the pain,
These, these belong to life;
The tempest hers, the mandate thine,
That instant stills the strife.

The slimy worm, the mouldering vault,
The ghastly grinning head,
These, these with freezing horror chill
The living — not the dead.
But wretched man, of fabled woes
Or fancied fears the prey,
Thy coming dreads, yet blindly bears
What's heavier, thy delay!

Enough we know to make the best
Life's giftless gift decry,
But not enough on death to gaze
With Cato's Roman eye.
Hence, still life's battered bark we steer,
Of doubts or fears the sport;
Would fain the tempest fly, but dread
More than the storm the port!

THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY AND THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE TIDES OF THE OCEAN AND THE GULF STREAM.'

It has been recorded as the opinion of that enlightened revolutionary patriot, CHARLES THOMPSON, Secretary of the old American Congress, that at some former but very remote period of time, all that large part of the earth known as the West India Islands, the Caribbean Sea, and the Gulf of Mexico, was a continuous and connected portion of North and South America, the whole comprising one vast continent. Singular as this suggestion may now appear, abundant reasons, which to my mind seem unanswerable and conclusive, can be brought forward in support of the position. The numerous earthquakes which have occurred within the last thirty years, the accounts of which are fresh in the recollection of many of my readers, and which have been felt from near St. Genevieve, on the Mississippi, to Caraccas, in South America, (a large portion of which city was destroyed, and several thousand people buried in the ruins,) show incontestably, that for an extent of more than two thousand miles, this immense region reposes on materials that shield it from the destructive explosions of hidden but eternal fires. How long they are to remain in subjection, or whether there will be partial irruptions merely, can only be known when years shall have rolled on, and are numbered with those beyond the flood.

But that wonderful revolutions have heretofore taken place in this grand division of the world, we have numerous proofs. The whole western hemisphere abounds with these proofs. North America itself is full of them. The passages of our great Atlantic rivers through granite mountains, furnish indisputable evidence in point; nor is it less evident that, anterior to these disruptions, the extensive valleys beyond them embosomed lakes of corresponding dimensions. This leads me more particularly to the object I had in view, namely, to make some observations and offer some opinions concerning that portion of America which is spread out to an almost limitless distance west of the Alleghany ridges, and now even familiarly known as the *Valley of the Mississippi*. A valley indeed! — and such an one as has no parallel on the earth. Its length may be estimated at not less than two thousand five hundred miles, and its mean breadth at from twelve to fifteen hundred. In attempting to grasp dimensions of such magnitude, the mind loses its comprehensive scope, and falls back on itself, overwhelmed and powerless.*

* An eloquent western writer, Dr. T. N. CAULKINS, has recently drawn a forcible sketch of the changes which will be effected in the Great West, in the short space of fifty years. No one who bears in mind that the boldest flights of the imagination fifty years ago, could scarcely have been equal to the reality at the present hour, but must regard the prophecy as one based only upon rational premises. Dr. FRANKLIN was pronounced 'wild,' when, in the old Congress, he predicted that in sixty years Ohio would have a population of a hundred thousand souls. In half that time, his prediction was exceeded more than ten fold. 'What,' says Dr. Caulkins, 'will this Union be, fifty years from this day? The cloud by day, the pillar of fire by night, for the world to follow in their march of civilization and refinement! The morning of 1837 will dawn upon this nation doubled in extent, with Michigan and Iowa as the centre of civilization, and the unbegotten states of Oregon, Macedon, Columbia, and Pacificus, stretching along the ocean, called the Pacific States, with another tier of sisterhood lying along the Rocky Mountains, by the name of the Middle or Mountain States

The indications that the entire country between the Alleghany and Chippewan or Rocky Mountains, was once covered by an immense ocean, are without number. That the whole partakes of an alluvial character, is believed by all intelligent persons, who are acquainted with it. Of this fact I have not the smallest doubt. Professor DRAKE, of Cincinnati, a gentleman alike distinguished for genius and liberal acquirements, is known to have expressed such a belief, repeatedly; and perhaps there is no other person west of the mountains, whose opinion is entitled to more deference. His qualifications fit him in an eminent degree to decide on such a matter; and the enlightened views he has heretofore given to the public, on various subjects of natural history, are sufficient to confirm this assumption.

The position which I assume, then, is this: There was a great ocean hemmed in by prodigious mountains. The southern boundary might have been a corresponding line with the island of Cuba, extending across what is now the Bay of Mexico, and meeting probably at Yucatan. I refer to this point, because it is the most prominent one in Central America; and because, from its position, projecting far into the sea, it seems reasonable to presume that there might have been a connecting link between them, and that here was the southern limit of this most extraordinary inland ocean. This line is, of course, imaginary; but that such a barrier existed, either there or somewhere contiguous to it, can scarcely be disputed.

If, then, we assume the hypothesis that the two continents were connected, in the way suggested, we have boundless scope for the imagination. From the eastern extremity of St. Domingo, to the coast of New Spain, or Isthmus of Darien, cannot, I should think, be less than fourteen hundred miles; and from the northern shore of the Bay of Mexico, to the southern boundary of the Caribbean Sea, it appears to me the distance is quite as great. According to the position I have assumed, and which was understood to be the opinion of Mr. Secretary Thompson, all this vast area must have been submerged and shattered to pieces, by long-smothered volcanoes, which at length burst forth with tremendously convulsive throes, forming at the same time the numerous islands now familiarly known to us. If, moreover, we are to imagine — and the supposition

What now are known as the Western, will then receive the appellation of the Eastern States; while the Western will be those bordering on the Pacific Ocean. Splendid cities will then exist, where now the Indian, the lord of the dark forest around him, lies down upon his copper face, dreaming of the happy hunting-grounds of his fathers, with whom must soon dwell the whole human race. On that day a mere handful will be found lingering on the borders of the great deep that must at length engulf them: Where then will be the capital of this Union? Possibly in the Valley of the Mississippi. St. Louis may be the favored spot, or even the unbroken wilderness still farther West. In view of a spectacle so full of national glory, well might our favorite bard exclaim:

— 'Who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race:
Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
Stretches the long, untravelled path of light,
Into the depths of ages; we may trace,
Distant, the brightening glory of its flight,
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.'

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

seems altogether rational, that this immense territory was full of inhabitants, having probably its numerous towns and cities, and abounding in riches, refinements, and the arts, we feel it to be a theme calculated to excite the strongest emotions of astonishment and wonder. It was probably the most awful event that ever took place in this part of the world, and must have led to greater physical changes than any other, since the memorable and righteous decree that swept the earth with the deluge. That such was the fact, is a conviction deeply impressed on my mind, and brings forcibly to recollection the vivid conception of the poet Cowper, who shows the fearful effect of omnipotent power :

——— ‘When God performs,
Upon the trembling stage of his own works,
His dreadful part alone.’

What connexion there might have been between these suppositions and the depopulation of Central America, whose long desolate cities and solitary places have struck the eye of travellers with such surprise and admiration, and of which we have very lately had such lively descriptions,* must be matter of conjecture. It would seem by no means extravagant to suppose, that the inhabitants of the narrow link now connecting the two continents, were either buried under their ruined walls, or driven away by the distressing calamity that pursued and overwhelmed them. Let us bear in mind the probability that the throes and convulsions may have been long continued, as was the case recently on the Mississippi, carrying dismay and terror to the hearts of all.

Many long centuries, probably several thousand years, must have passed, as is evinced from the present aspect of things, since the occurrence of those extraordinary manifestations of the divine will. The immediate consequence of all these convulsive movements of the elements, so astounding and destructive to former generations, was the draining of that boundless region, that natural garden of the world, the magnificent and fertile valley of the Mississippi. However calamitous may have been such consequences to others, those of the present generation can easily perceive the wisdom of the decree that accomplished so great a change. Countless ages were required to clothe this virgin soil with such præminent beauty and unnumbered charms, as now fill the eye of the enraptured beholder. It is not only the most delightful, the richest, and the fairest portion of the earth, but capable of sustaining a population of at least a hundred millions. Even now, at distant intervals,

——— ‘Wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;
The land is full of harvests and green meads:
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine disembowered, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters; the full region leads
New colonies forth, that toward the western seas,
Spread like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees?’

The human powers, with all their interesting exhibitions and higher attributes, will here, in all likelihood, reach the highest possible at-

* See articles on ‘American Antiquities,’ in the *KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE*.

tainment. The arts and sciences will be cultivated to the utmost limit of perfection, and will here unfold all their brilliant evidences of utility and grandeur. They are already transplanted hither, and are taking deep root; and farther time, with the multiplied population that will soon throng those extensive borders, will carry them to rapid maturity. The pure religion of the Sun of Righteousness will follow close in the train, and even now holds a powerful and happy sway. It will not be less ennobling in its effects, than gratifying to those who are pure in heart; spreading its glorious mantle over all the sons and daughters who profess its faith, and giving the light and consolation of the gospel to every inhabitant.

Among the numerous advantages and attractions which entice the enterprising adventurer to a land so favored, will be found one of a prominent and important character. It forms a peculiar feature, having nothing corresponding to it in any other section of the globe. This relates to the splendid rivers which are almost without number, and which, for thousands of miles, fertilize and beautify it, in every direction. Notwithstanding the length of these rivers, and the immeasurable floods of water they discharge, I have never been able to learn that in any instance does the largest and longest of them exceed in any one place a mile and a half in breadth. Even this is very rare; for the mighty Mississippi itself, in its average width, is not over three quarters of a mile. Few of the other rivers exceed half a mile, and most of them are considerably less. So uniform are they in this particular, and so gentle are their general currents, that they are rendered navigable by steam-boats almost to their sources.

Who does not perceive in all this the evidences of kindness and benignity? Who does not see the clear marks of exalted wisdom and unbounded liberality? Who does not comprehend, that in the uniform narrowness and gentleness of these noble rivers, are found increased conveniences, and an essential diminution of dangers? Without these clearly-defined advantages, much of their utility, which is every where the leading attribute in the works of nature, would have been lost. But the whole is formed, as it would seem, with the express view to the accommodation of a people who should have a safe and easy intercourse with each other; whose rational enjoyments should be extensively multiplied; and who should be zealously devoted to the noblest and most useful pursuits.

Another strongly-marked characteristic of this vast domain, is visible in its general smooth and level surface, surpassing in this respect probably all other countries. Its fair face is no where disfigured by lofty, shaggy, and broken ridges; there are no sandy plains, of interminable length; no unfathomable, yawning, and impassable gulfs, restricting intercourse, and multiplying difficulties; nor any other insurmountable obstacles. It is therefore singularly adapted to the construction of those noblest monuments of a free people, commodious rail-roads and canals, those eminently useful channels of easy, cheap, and rapid communication.

The fertility of the country is proverbial, and its climate is known to be mild and salubrious. Its productions are most abundant, and infinitely varied. This necessarily results from its prodigious extent, reaching, as it does, almost from the torrid to the extreme of

the frigid zone—from the soft cotton and sugar clime of the south, to the dreary and inhospitable ranges of the reindeer and polar bear of the north.

The geological attributes are in many respects extraordinary. Minerals of the most useful kinds, and without limit, are known to abound; more particularly coal, iron, lead, copper, etc. Woods, of almost every variety, and of unsurpassed beauty; marble, of various kinds, some of which is exquisitely variegated; and the coarser but more useful articles of granite, freestone, limestone, and all other materials, designed for the ordinary use and comfort of the human family, are liberally spread in every direction, through those teeming and highly favored abodes.

A F R A G M E N T .

SAFETY and joy go with yon bounding bark !
 How fearlessly she bears her o'er the wave !
 Her outspread canvass swelling to the breeze,
 Dashing the white spray from her cleaving prow,
 The foaming eddy closing in her wake :
 Safety and peace be with the bounding bark,
 And her brave freight ! O many a mother's prayer,
 For her lithe sea-boy on the bending mast,
 (Fear, like a night-hag, brooding o'er her hopes,)
 Follows yon good ship on her trackless way !

Ocean ! my earliest memories are of thee :
 Thy solitary grandeur, changeful moods,
 The fairy shallows on thy breast upborne,
 And all the stately ships that swept thy tide.
 We dwelt beside the sea. There, on a cliff,
 Darkly o'ershadowed by a jutting crag,
 Where far below hung the wild sea-mew's nest,
 And high above the swooping eagle's eyrie,
 Have I for hours reclined in idleness,
 And listened to the wild and voiceful waves.

How glad they leaped, those frolic waves, at morn,
 To catch the sunbeams mirthfully upspringing,
 Like merry sprites, disporting joyously ;
 The rocks all ringing to their jocund shouts,
 To join their elfin revel urging me.
 Afar, where blended dimly sea and sky,
 Oft as I marked some out-bound, dashing ship,
 Careering like a sea-bird on her way,
 Some Nereid, floating on her silver shell,
 Her bright hair streaming out upon the wind,
 Seemed wreathing up her white arms to the cliff,
 And forth my heart went with her o'er the wave.

Or when at evening, for a cooling draught,
 The sun in ocean dipped his brazen shield ;
 And the loud waves came booming o'er the deep,
 Tossing their crests as 't were against the sky,
 And hurrying, charging, wildly on the beach,
 A warlike band of Tritons seemed to advance,
 Sounding, mid clash and din, their wreathed shells.

New-York, May, 1838.

HORTUS SICCUS.

NUMBER ONE.

‘Oh give me the moss-covered bucket again!’

WHEN people talk about change, and the fashion of changing, in this world of ours, it sounds trite enough. Ever and again some wanderer comes back to the spot whence he started in youth, and exclaims over what he sees, as if change were a new thing, and the people who have staid quietly at home, and seen the tide of affairs rising, day by day, to its new marks, are ready to laugh in his face for making such an ado over what seems to them so natural and easy, and in no wise surprising. But there is something in this hasty flitting of familiar things, that is worth exclaiming over; and particularly in some parts of our country the rapidity with which a change of aspect is effected, passes all history and experience, and even sober poetry. Those who live in the centre of a city, and pace over side-walks, and along closely-built walls of houses, never see it; and the people of our country towns may still walk over the scarcely widened path that took them to school, and not see it; but suburbans, who have been trampled upon in the march of cities country-ward, can talk about change.

‘Lots for sale: inquire of — — —,’ says an officious little board at the end of a long row of newly-planted stakes. What of that? Nothing, but that I remember here a stony lane, so steep that nothing passed over it but the rushing red clay waters, after a rain, or stumbling cows, hurried home from pasture, and I miss the gay barberry bushes that guarded its inaccessible sides. ‘Paradise Row. Desirable lots for sale.’ What of that? Nothing, but that to level it, they have smoothed the prettiest dimpled orchard that was ever moulded for a children’s play-ground. Look where they have filled up ‘the bowl,’ down whose green sides the ripe apples rolled from the trees on the top, till they reached the huge heap in the centre, from which we made our selections! Is there any thing in the sight of the plough slowly scooping out furrows of red earth, or the man who, with folded arms, directs each time where the next course shall be run across, that I should stand and watch the process? Let me tell you something about that rough, rain-seamed hill they are taking down so coolly. The time has been when no one thought it defaced the fair earth’s surface. As I stand looking at it now, the vision of what it was, hovers over it, some three feet elevated in air. But it is easy for my fancy to fit it with a foundation, and re-turf and re-plant it, till I can stand there again in the home of my childhood. Let me shape it out to you, if I can, with these few trees they have left, and the roads, (streets they are now,) which still run on each side, leaving it still a sightly corner place. If it were raised again, and the bank on the sunny south side had its original turfy but abrupt slope to the road, while a supporting stone wall, of six or eight feet height, surmounted by a white fence, curved around the corner, and ran along the eastern front, how easily we could open the gate, walk up the rustic stone steps, and take the

gravelled path to the door. Stop with me at the gate, and I will make them grow again, those goodly, smooth-barked cherry trees, in each high corner, guardians of the entrance. Often have the flat-heads of the gate-posts served as a platform to the branches, when they were looking black and heavy, as if a swarm of bees had lighted on them. These sentinel trees belonged to a range that stretched around both sides of the house, and their life was a part of mine. I counted time by their blossoming, and setting to fruit, and reddening, till the boughs were all stripped, and then I dated by the changes on the pear-tree. That patriarch harvest-pear tree! How has irreverence become the sin of a generation that could lay bare its aged roots! Here — no, there, it must have stood. Come under its broad shadow, and look up, as I used of a summer night, through its high branches, and see if you can tell which are stars and which are pears. What an influence that old tree exerted over us, even in our slumbers; for while the fruit lasted, who should be earliest under the tree, was the strife. Many a morning have my foot-prints been the first on the wet grass, that I might triumph over an apron full. Puritan fathers must have hung a spell upon its boughs, for now it is cut down, we sleep later. But the pears, the pears! and the grand shaking time! How they rolled down the slope of the yard, and over the fence into the road, and how we childishly gloried in the many great baskets-full! There was something of sublimity in such abundance, and of a fruit, too, that wanted nothing but juice and flavor!

Here was another veteran, the old plum-tree, in the low notch of which I used to sit, and call it my throne. Their stands, not to be mistaken, lopped and shorn as it is, the venerable apple-tree that bore the swing. What merry groups has that good-natured old tree thrown its shadow over, as if it loved romping and frolic! Time was when we held a circus there. Archie turning somersets, and Mink, the black cat, performing great jumping feats, while Ponto astonished a crowd of juveniles by more than canine sagacity. Up and down we swung, under a shower of apple blossoms — sometimes taking a rough rub on the cheek from the bark of the sturdy old trunk. How we laughed, when the apples came down on our heads! Dearer yet was the still time, when I could sit there alone, and, gently swayed by the wind, as it were, give myself up to the enchantment of a story book. That was to be 'lapped in Elysium.'

Here stood the summer house, covered with a mysterious vine, that year after year baffled my penetration, setting thick with clusters that never came to fruit. That and the Magnumbonum tree, (that would drop all its great plums, touched by decay, after I had watched them swelling and swelling, and just putting on the purple,) I never could be friends with. Perhaps they were teaching me my first lessons of mortality, and the blasting of human hopes. They awed me beyond sociability.

But there, in that row of ragged gooseberry-bushes, is something with which the hens and I were familiar to gossiping, suffering ourselves to be scratched twice for every berry. It is strange that it should outlive so many worthier things, and be so green and thrifty yet. It shows where the garden fence ran. A gate opened here, and another there, and then the paths from each met, and joined company

forward. The space between was a semi-circular flower-bed, the pride of the garden, bordered with the bright little strawberry rose, and filled with choice bulbs. An immense peony sat in the centre, to preside. Each side of the long walk was set with flowers and shrubs, carefully mated, aptly reminding us of that great original garden lesson, 'not good to be alone.'

I am dizzy with a rainbow in my head, when I recall all those flowers, as distinct and as dear to me then, as the friends I have found since. Here were the strawberry-beds. What a broken fence shuts off the road! Every picket was in its place once, and a hedge of currant bushes kept side by side with it for its whole length. I used to go and pick currants from the outside, to try to make them taste as they did to the little pilferers going home from school. But come out from the garden, for it sickens me to see nothing left of all but these old tufts of fleur-de-luce, and yellow lilies. Stop, let me gather one. Let us keep away from those ploughing people. We are safe here. All this was a mowing lot. Here we had our winter sliding course, and here our freaks, when the new boy sent Irish Thomas complaining to 'the mistress.' Here was the debatable ground, where we transacted all the wilder doings that might not be brought nearer the house, the scene of all the assault-and-battery cases that came up for trial in the maternal court. Here the boys wrestled out their quarrels, and from here the girls always came back sullen. It seemed as if we shut the great gate on subordination and good order every time we went into the mowing lot, probably because we were usually forbidden to go there, and laid aside the character of good children with the first step.

That new brick house, so sweet with its white pillars, stands on the very spot where our barn did. But come away; time would fail me to tell of our gambols there. Shall I take you into the house? Not through the wood-house, by the back door, though the tall white rose-bushes, trained up to upper windows, make that entrance inviting enough. Not by the side toward the garden, through the glass door, into the little breakfast-room, though the offsets of smooth turf, and the lilacs that grew in the shade, made this pleasant enough. You must go quite around the house, and enter by one of the street doors. If you were totally familiar, you might go in at the south side, as I did, through the piazza. I would show you beside the door, the rose-bush that bore both red and white flowers, which was always associated with thoughts of that parent of whom I recollected nothing so distinctly as the process of this grafting.

You might throw your bonnet and books upon the hall table, though the moment mother saw them, you would be called to put them in their places. How much a New-England mother, and an orderly bringing up, are worth, let those who have looked about on woman-kind, in some sections of our country, tell. But you ought to go in at the company door, up the gravel walk, stopping to gather lilacs, or snow-balls, seringa, and roses by the way, and lingering long enough on the door steps to breathe in the fragrance of the honeysuckle that wound its way nearly across the whole front, and looked in at every window.

But ah! it is of no use, if I could do it. They do not live here

now. It is a scattered family, and I brought you on a vain errand. But before we go away, look on the fair prospect, for no stranger ever turned away without admiration. Here, separated from us by a little winding river, and a valley of green fields and trees, though ranges of white houses have crept up almost to the spot where we are standing, and have taken away this rural appearance I speak of, is a fair city, with spires and masts, and a state-house dome. The setting sun is flashed back from innumerable roofs and windows, and the vanes on those white steeples fairly burn. If you could have seen it, from those upper windows, when the red bars of light first fell through the closed shutters on our white walls, and we looked out in the fresh morning on all that was hidden and revealed! A heavy mist would often fill the valley, and spread out before us like a lake, and then islets with trees would peep out, and one prominent object of the city after another, till from hill to hill all stood out in the glad yellow light, and a burst of song and sound rose simultaneously from the trees and the chicken-yards.

That glittering city was the world to me, once. I remember well the first time I was trusted to go there alone. I had a written permission to leave school at half-past four, and I took care that every body should know the great occasion. It was to buy for our nurse and myself each a gay new fan. And I put on airs upon the strength of something so important, and started, not in glee, for it was too weighty an expedition, but with high hopes, and firm resolve. The half mile of road looked dusty and immeasurably long, but I went forward, planning the device and colors of my purchase, and arranging what I must say, to ask for it. Alas! I had not gone half the distance, when I discovered that my magical little silver piece was lost, and I had to return home when it was too late to go back. Then the mortification of having no fan to exhibit to the expectant crowd at school! The elation and self-confident energy, the perplexity and final despair, which made up the history of that errand, were to be acted over in many of my later attempts. But we have made these men stare long enough. Come away!

THE OAK'S PROGRESS.

Thou wast a bauble once; a cup and ball,
Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay,
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloin'd
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down,
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs,
And all thine embryo vastness, at a gulp.
But faith thy growth decreed; autumnal rains,
Beneath thy parent-tree mellowed the soil,
Design'd thy cradle, and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepar'd
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.

Time made thee what thou wast—king of the woods,
And time hath made thee what thou art—a cave
For owls to roost in! thou hast outliv'd
Thy popularity, and art become,
(Unless verse rescue thee a while,) a thing
Forgotten as the foliage of thy youth!

E.

THE DEAD EAGLE.

WRITTEN AT ORAN.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, AUTHOR OF 'PLEASURES OF HOPE,' ETC.

FALLEN as he is, this king of birds still seems
 Like royalty in ruins. Though his eyes
 Are shut, that look undazzled on the sun,
 He was the sultan of the sky, and earth
 Paid tribute to his eyrie. It was perched
 Higher than human conqueror ever built
 His bannered fort. Where Atlas' top looks o'er
 Zahara's desert to the equator's line,
 From thence the wingéd despot marked his prey,
 Above th' encampments of the Bedouins, ere
 Their watch-fires were extinct, or camels knelt
 To take their loads, or horsemen scoured the plain;
 And there he dried his feathers in the dawn,
 While yet th' unawakened world was dark below.

There's such a charm in natural strength and power,
 That human fancy has for ever paid
 Poetic homage to the bird of Jove.
 Hence, 'neath his image, Rome arrayed her turns
 And cohorts for the conquest of the world.
 And figuring his flight, the mind is filled
 With thoughts that mock the pride of wingless man.
 True the carred aëronaut can mount as high;
 But what's the triumph of his volant art?
 A rash intrusion on the realms of air.
 His helmless vehicle, a silken toy,
 A bubble bursting in the thunder-cloud;
 His course has no volition, and he drifts
 The passive plaything of the wind. Not such
 Was this proud bird: he clove the adverse storm,
 And cuffed it with his wings. He stopped his flight
 As easily as the Arab reins his steed,
 And stood at pleasure 'neath Heaven's zenith, like
 A lamp suspended from its azure dome;
 While underneath him the world's mountains lay
 Like mole-hills, and her streams like lucid threads.
 Then downward, faster than a falling star,
 He neared the earth, until his shape distinct
 Was blackly shadowed on the sunny ground;
 And deeper terror hushed the wilderness,
 To hear his nearer whoop. Then, up again
 He soared and wheeled. There was an air of scorn
 In all his movements, whether he threw round
 His crested head to look behind him, or
 Lay vertical, and sportively displayed
 The inside whiteness of his wing declined,
 In gyres and undulations full of grace,
 An object beautifying Heaven itself.

He — reckless who was victor, and above
 The hearing of their guns — saw fleets engaged
 In flaming combat. It was nought to him
 What carnage, Moor or Christian, strewed their decks;
 But if his intellect had matched his wings,
 Methinks he would have scorned man's vaunted power
 To plough the deep; his pinions bore him down
 To Algiers the warlike, or the coral groves
 That blush beneath the green of Bona's waves;
 And traversed in an hour a wider space

Than yonder gallant ship, with all her sails
 Wooing the winds, can cross from morn till eve.
 His bright eyes were his compass, earth his chart,
 His talons anchored on the stormiest cliff,
 And on the very light-house rock he perched,
 When winds churned white the waves.

The earthquake's self
 Disturbed not him that memorable day,
 When, o'er yon table-land, where Spain had built
 Cathedrals, cannoned forts, and palaces,
 A palsy-stroke of Nature shook Oran,
 Turning her city to a sepulchre,
 And strewing into rubbish all her homes;
 Amidst whose traceable foundations now,
 Of streets and squares, the hyæna hides himself.
 That hour beheld him fly as careless o'er
 The stifled shrieks of thousands buried quick,
 As lately when he pounced the speckled snake,
 Coiled in yon mallows and wide nettle-fields,
 That mantle o'er the dead old Spanish town.

Strange is the imagination's dread delight
 In objects linked with danger, death, and pain!
 Fresh from the luxuries of polished life,
 The echo of these wilds enchanted me;
 And my heart beat with joy when first I heard
 A lion's roar come down the Lybian wind,
 Across yon long, wide, lonely inland lake,
 Where boat ne'er sails from homeless shore to shore.

And yet Numidia's landscape has its spots
 Of pastoral pleasantness — though far between,
 The village planted near the Maraboot's
 Round roof has aye its feathery palm trees
 Paired, for in solitude they bear no fruits.
 Here nature's hues all harmonize; fields white
 With alabaster, or blue with bugloss — banks
 Of glossy fennel, blent with tulips wild,
 And sunflowers, like a garment pranked with gold;
 Acres and miles of opal asphodel,
 Where sports and couches the black-eyed gazelle.
 Here, too, the air's harmonious — deep-toned doves
 Coo to the fife-like carol of the lark;
 And when they cease, the holy nightingale
 Winds up his long, long shakes of ecstasy,
 With notes that seem but the protracted sound
 Of glassy runnels bubbling over rocks.

'CONFESSIO N.'

'Let me confess to God, and save my shilling.' — OLD ANECDOTE.

CONFESSIO N, like physic, mid mortal extremes,
 In the hands of a skilful concoctor,
 Is an excellent thing for the patient, it seems,
 Though not quite so good for the doctor.

Hence some spiritual quacks, in attending their sick,
 On the virtues insist of confessions;
 But should a small thorn their own consciences prick,
 Their sole lenitive pills are professions.

As to tears for our sins, if amendment it work,
 An ounce-vial full ample perhaps is;
 And too little the Heidelberg tun, if there lurk
 At the bottom the seeds of relapses.

PHRENOLOGY MADE EASY:

OR A FEW PLAIN THOUGHTS ON A MUCH-ABUSED SCIENCE.

'Hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear!'

THE phrenologist was but a common observer of nature ; he possessed no advantage over other men ; and he asserted no claim upon the attention of the world, until, after the minutest observation for years, he solved the great mystery of man's moral and intellectual nature. The puzzle vanished upon the announcement, more than forty years ago, by the illustrious discoverer and founder of the science of phrenology, that each faculty and sentiment of the human mind had its appropriate organ in the brain ; that, other things being equal, as a general truth, upon the size of that organ depended its manifestation of power ; and that, as a result from these premises, the mental dispositions of men depended upon the organization of their brain, the size and relative proportions of which could in general be ascertained with accuracy during life.

No new characteristic of the human mind did the phrenologist claim to have discovered. He merely traced the demonstration of the faculty or sentiment to its source ; he 'put his finger upon the spot,' and said, 'Here I have discovered the seat of the faculty whose existence was before admitted ; here is the source of those waters at whose stream all have drank ; here is the cause whose effects every body knew and acknowledged ; here I show you the 'local habitation' of that to which you have already given a 'name ;' and now go with me through the examination, and among the millions of men, let us pursue the path of investigation, and note the physical and mental resemblances among the different individuals of the human race.' Thus he challenged the scrutiny of the world, and appealing to facts, and to these alone, he has sustained the noble and interesting truths he at first proclaimed, and his science, now emerged from its rude elements, and grown into system, is admitted to rank high among the various branches of human knowledge, by the learned of all the enlightened nations of the earth.

'But after all, phrenology is immoral in its tendency, say what you will !' So the objector has ceased to laugh, and commenced a dismal cry against our most excellent philosophy. Well, then, what is the matter ? Why, several organs possess very hard names, and lead to the commission of very naughty deeds. Gall denominated one the organ of murder, and another of theft, and therefore a man must murder and steal. This is very bad, certainly ; and worse, too, if there was no murder or theft committed before the day of Gall ; but it occurs to me that the world knew something of these propensities before the doctor's day, although they did not know exactly where to look for the seat of them.

Now a man born with one leg shorter than the other, is not expected to walk as gracefully as one on whose limbs sit grace and fair proportion ; but he *can walk*, although he is inclined to *limp*. Well, I tell you that this man is inclined to limp, because one leg is shorter

than the other. Am I to be blamed for having discovered the *cause* of his lameness? What say you? Why, that I ought to be whipped for the discovery, and the cripple for his lameness! Ought you not rather to thank me for the discovery, and give the lame man a crutch? True, the phrenologist has discovered in the human brain an organ which he has denominated 'destructiveness:' its office is to inspire energy; its over-manifestation, with ill-balanced sentiments, may lead to the killing of a human being; although, well-regulated, it might only lead to the killing of snakes, or at the most assist a respectable butcher in his vocation; and with benevolence at hand, it might only produce your active business man, who will have every thing done in season.

So large acquisitiveness may lead to theft or cheating, where conscientiousness is defective; and so will fire burn up all your houses, without water to check the flames. The materials for good and evil pervade the universe. Have we not heat and cold, pain and pleasure, the fatal poison and the certain antidote? There is no good but may be perverted to evil. Man has not a sentiment, propensity, or faculty, but may be made productive of good; and there is not a moral evil in human society, but can be traced to the abuse of a good propensity, or the neglect of a good sentiment, or faculty. Cautiousness is the instinct of self-preservation, and necessary to the preservation of life; but by an over-manifestation, or improper indulgence, it may whisper to the general in the hour of battle,

'He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day.'

Self-defence is the law of our nature, and combativeness and destructiveness are the ministers of that law; but should they turn from resistance to aggression, and become aggressors — from their proper attacks upon dangerous beasts and reptiles, and destroy the innocent and harmless — then there is a perversion of good to the purposes of evil, and the moral agent who thus turns aside, is held responsible for the wrong, as well by the phrenologist as the strictest moralist of the old school.

The love of offspring is admitted to be a good instinct of our nature; but suffer its excessive manifestations to influence the discipline of children, and a 'spoiled child' is an ordinary specimen of the result. Excessive benevolence may deny the demands of justice, and set the culprit free; and on the other hand, justice not properly tempered with benevolence, may become harsh and unlovely, and excite the gentler feelings of our nature to revolt at its exercise. The over-action of veneration, coupled with large marvellousness, may fill the mind with weak superstitions and wild, fanatical delusions; these are certainly no advantage to any body; and yet to call the source of veneration a bad organ, would not be tolerated. It is not condemned, but extolled, if it produce a reasonable religious faith; it is not much abused, if it make but an antiquary or high tory; and destructiveness would never be censured, but complimented, if it was exercised only in the killing of rattle-snakes. Without respectable marvellousness, man would reject many things which it is comfortable to believe; but if it be quite large, he will believe too much, alto-

gether. To its excessive manifestation, witches owe their existence, and ghosts their shadowy forms. By it, marvels by land and sea are upheld, and violations of nature's laws accredited.

Suppose a case of hydrophobia should occur in a large city, and that the corporate authority, under the influence of excited cautiousness, should decree the extermination of the canine race. Each man having large destructiveness assails an unhappy dog; a carman endowed with large benevolence arrests the fatal weapon, and preserves the life of a noble animal. Veneration for the sage functionaries who erected the law of extermination, excites to a prosecution of the carman for a violation of its provisions; while conscientiousness, manifested in a love of justice, according to law, condemns the man who acted from a generous impulse to pay a fine for the deed. Now it is not difficult to perceive, that a good sentiment or faculty took the lead at each stage of these proceedings, but nevertheless worked a wrong, from the beginning to the end of the matter.

The utmost that the phrenologist will concede to the objector against the morality of his science, is that it is more difficult for some men to come up to the required degree of moral rectitude than for others. Nay, he will concede that on account of the natural constitutions of some men, and the neglected education of their sentiments, it is extremely difficult for them to refrain from the violation of wholesome moral rules. But these instances are rare, and there is a remedy for them. Moral symmetry does not adorn every body by nature, any more than physical perfection; and a man is no more in fault for having a bad head, than for having an ill-proportioned frame; but the parent who discovers either, and does not assist nature to approach perfection, by every means in his power, is guilty of criminal neglect; and the offspring that is the victim of such negligence, had better never have been born.

The phrenologist has relaxed none of those safe moral rules adopted for the happiness of mankind; but he has added new statutes to the moral code, and enjoined new duties upon parents, teachers, and law-givers. He has aided, by his grand discovery, the surmounting of obstacles hitherto a barrier to the attainment of even a comfortable moral excellence, by some individuals of the human race. It certainly is of some importance to know, that any organ of the mind can be called into or out of action, without the exercise of all the others; that the exercise of an organ will increase its size and activity, upon which depend its power and influence in forming the character of the man. Is here no hope for the moral monster? May not the infant mind be rectified in some degree? May not the youthful propensity be prevented from characterizing the man?

Suppose in a boy it is early discovered that the sentiment of justice is small, acquisitiveness and secretiveness large? Ought not the parent and teacher to know that here is an embryo thief before them? Let them train the subject of this unhappy combination according to his moral wants, and the youth will grow to manhood with a dangerous propensity so trained and modified, as that, instead of plunging him into crime, it makes him the honest possessor of millions, and he dies one of the honored of mankind, leaving his ample fortune as a benefaction to his country's orphans. How like a god! — and yet, when young and untutored, how very like a thief!

In the interior of this state, a few years ago, a child of about six months of age was found dead in the front yard of a house inhabited by a poor and degraded family, with its head horribly cut by a sharp instrument, and one of its legs chopped off, and lying near the body. This dreadful deed was afterward clearly shown to have been committed by a boy not quite five years old, an inmate of the house, and that he used an axe for the purpose. The same young monster was soon afterward arrested in an attempt to kill a small child in the street. Now what provision have the moralists of the old school made for this boy? Whips, of course, are provided for him here, and torture hereafter; but for all these, he will kill their children. Now I apprehend there was a remedy for this youth's moral infirmity; and that, taken at an early age, his destructive propensity might have been attempered by benevolence, to a degree sufficient to prevent his final exit upon the gallows.

As in the physical, so in the moral world; rough nature requires the hand of art to give it utility and beauty. Care and skill will remedy both physical and moral defects, and none but decided monsters in nature are beyond improvement by human art and ingenuity. What pains do we not take to supply the defect of hands, feet, or other members of our frame? Who despairs of being useful, who is merely deprived of hearing or of sight? Who does not aid the weak organ, exercise the delinquent muscle, straighten the crooked limb, and remedy, assist, and improve nature, whenever there is need? This is the appropriate business of reason, but not her entire task. For the weak sentiment can be made strong, the strong propensity weakened, the inert faculty aroused to activity, and the slumbering passion awakened into life. We have institutions for those deprived of sight. Let those who are morally blind, be made to see. We have institutions for the deaf and dumb. What provision has been made for those who are deaf to the voice of reason and justice? Alas! they have an asylum, but it is only that of the convicted felon!

What science, then, in point of utility and dignity, compares with that under consideration? It is the knowledge of intellectual power and action, and unfolds, to a great extent, the operations of the human mind, that most subtle emanation from the divinity of nature. It is the key to the knowledge of human nature, the varieties of human character, the motives of human actions. It has something for every body to observe, and to profit by, in understanding. It makes every man a philosopher, and endows him with no inconsiderable share of wisdom; enables him to know others, and more than that, himself. The cradled infant is an object of its early solicitude and care, and to its benign influence 'the little being' may owe that nurture and discipline which may place it in the paths of virtue and peace. It inspires us with charity for human weaknesses, and invokes the aid of humanity to arrest the career of the dangerous, rather than the sword of justice to accomplish their swift destruction.

All youths should be educated in the principles of this science. No young man should enter upon the theatre of human action, without the knowledge it would afford him of those by whom he is destined to be surrounded. No maiden should pass through the joys of wedlock, to the duties of a mother, without understanding it. Phre-

nology will safely direct the friend in the formation of his attachments, and the lover in adopting the mistress of his heart. He who surrounds himself with companions deficient in the higher sentiments, will have occasion devoutly to pray for deliverance from his friends; and he who leads the fair one to the hymenial altar, who is deficient in the same respect, will most sincerely regret that he had not paid more attention to the *head*, than to the face and feet, of his betrothed.

This science enables the teacher to understand the mental capacities of his pupils, and to adapt their studies accordingly. It should decide one in the choice of his profession, and settle upon his walk in life. It designates those whom nature designed to be distinguished among men, and points out the material sign of those intellectual endowments, and higher sentiments, which only can make a man truly great, and thereby sustains nature's genuine nobility against the pretensions of the aristocracy of wealth, and the usurpations of titled meanness. In a word, phrenology is not only the true philosophy of the human mind, but the kindest nurse to the infant, the safest guide to manhood, and the wisest law-giver to society.

MINE OWN.

Thou art mine own, my best beloved,
 Thou art indeed mine own;
 What though for ever from my heart
 Its early joys have flown?
 A bird is singing sweeter far
 Than those which made their nest,
 Before Life's morning ray was pale,
 In my unruffled breast!

Once all was bright and all was fair;
 Each merry fount of June
 Played, like a seraph's lute for me,
 A soft, celestial tune.
 The blossoms and the dewy leaves,
 That stooped to kiss the flowers,
 Shed perfume round the dancing feet
 Of Boyhood's frolic hours.

Now, in the streams and in the buds
 No tones nor odors dwell,
 For Fancy, like a changeful nymph,
 Has sighed a sad farewell.
 But thou to me art music, love,
 And the enamored air
 Is rife with sweetness, when I feel
 That thou art present there.

Mine own! Within those charmed words
 What fond endearment lies;
 Lured by the spell, what lovely scenes
 Along the future rise!
 For age will wear more brilliant plumes
 Than youth's gay season flown,
 Since thou art now, in very truth,
 My beautiful, mine own!

SCIENCE 'BY THE SMALL.'

BY THE LATE R. C. SANDS.*

HAVING had, from my earliest youth, an insatiable desire of travelling and seeing foreign parts, an impetus which has acquired proportionable vigor with the elongation and dilation of my body, I gave vent some days ago to my inclination, and, in company with a friend, packed up my wardrobe, consisting of a few sundries, and departed with him. We descended to the water's edge, and prepared to take a solar observation, when we found that we had no quadrant, and that the luminary was invisible, on account of the clouds which covered all the face of the sky. But I have since discovered that the latitude and longitude are laid down on the map, which supersedes the necessity of mentioning them.

We embarked in an aquatic conveyance, called by the people of these parts a *horse-boat*. But I am inclined to think that this novelty is a mere sham, a trick upon travellers. There are a dozen sorry nags in this contrivance, which go round in a circular walk, with halters round their necks, and beams at the other extremity. How this orbicular movement can promote the rectilinear advancement of this mammoth boat, is to me a mystery. And as we were six hours in crossing the river, I suspect that they go and come with the tide; and that the horses are a mere catchpenny, to bring their masters the trigesimo-secundal part of a dollar more on every head than the customary ferriage levied on passengers. However, the unhappy quadrupeds appeared to strain very severely, and in their hinder quarters very particularly; indeed every sinew of the latter part seemed to be over-exerted, while the head, neck, and fore legs moved glibly enough, which is certainly a natural curiosity. I account for it in this way: as the horses are all in a string, and the hinder parts of each one immediately subjected to the inspection of his follower, these noble animals draw up their anteriors from pride, and contract their posteriors from decency. But I do not lay this down as an hypothesis which is defensible, until I hear from the Antiquarian Institute at Cork, to whom I have transmitted an account of this phenomenon, with my conjectures thereon.

The ship's company consisted of nine Dutchmen, three of whom had their *wrovs* and sundry of their progeny with them; also one leg of mutton, two breasts of veal, one cheese, and a pound of tea. One of the females, though apparently of a slender constitution, seemed

* This sketch purports to be the 'fragment of a classical, topographical, mineralogical, and botanical tour, to that renowned and ancient city, Wehawk, performed in the summer of 1817, by a member of the Institute of Cork, Ireland: carefully printed from the original ms.' It is a just and biting satire, and one of the most admirable productions of the lamented SANDS, who, as the reader is perhaps aware, was struck down by the 'insatiate archer,' while engaged in writing an article for the KNICKERBOCKER, a work he had near his heart, and to which he was to have been a constant contributor. It will doubtless be entirely new to nine in ten of our readers, and receive a hearty welcome from all. Originating in one or two of the earliest annuals, then of exceedingly narrow circulation, or embodied in a comparatively stagnant edition of his complete works, unwisely produced in a too expensive form for general diffusion, several of SANDS' choicest efforts are scarcely known beyond the limits of the city, or the shelves of his admiring friends.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

to have a pretty good appetite, for she consumed seventeen apples, two loaves of bread, and the cheese; and would probably have proceeded to attack the spare-ribs and leg of mutton, if her husband, anticipating such a result, had not squatted himself down upon them; and being a man of some circumference, it would have been as difficult a task to have effected their liberation, as to get Enceladus out of *Ætna*.

Most of the company were smoking; and I discovered the cause of the phlegmatic nature of the Dutch. They use such short pipes, that the smoke goes up their noses, and, as I had reason to believe, makes the whole tour of their bodies. They have some shrewdness, however. We observed that the cover of the cabin leaked, and they said it was owing to the cracks.

It was raining very fast when we went on board, but the blue horizon soon afterward appeared, and we expected to see a very fine rainbow; but we were disappointed, as we have since found that in these latitudes there are no rainbows observable at noonday—a curious fact, which I have also transmitted to the Cork Institute.

We landed at Hoboken at half-past two p. m., but did not tarry to make observations on that place. Its commerce, however, appears to be in a declining condition, as there were but three xebecs, caïques, or galliots, lying in the port, two of which were in ruins, and the third by no means seaworthy. Many causes might be assigned for this; but we dropped a tear over this famous city, and wound our course round into the country. The road lay through tall hills, covered with ground grass, *juniperi florentes* of Linnæus, and the granito-rosso, and granito-grigio or bigio rocks, vertical strata of which intersected these mountains in every direction, and had a very picturesque effect. The road appeared to consist of gravel poundato. Specimens of all these I have sent to Ireland.

We journeyed at an easy pace, reflecting on the decline and fall of the Roman empire, a subject which the scenery naturally introduced. Our attention, however, was soon arrested by the singular conduct of a dog. He came up to us as if in despair, and we were afraid at first that he was afflicted with the hydromany; but we were soon convinced of our error in that respect. His path was a curvilinear zigzag; now retrograde, and now forward. We then conjectured that he was bewitched; and gave credence to the superstitions of the inhabitants of these parts, who firmly believe in the doctrine, and nail horse-shoes over their barn doors, to prevent the foul fiend from exerting his potential malice upon their cattle. [One of these charms I examined, and sent a fac simile to the society aforesaid.] The dog looked in our faces very particularly, whined, hung his ears, and carried his tail between his legs, in token of submission. This is the first proffer of service which the canine species make: when they do fealty as an acknowledgment of being willing to become your dog, they curl the tail, and lay their front legs horizontally, bending the head and body gracefully back, which is as much as to say: '*Je deviens votre chien.*' The dog kept us company ever after, running before, and looking back to let us know that he considered himself an avant courier, or else keeping by us.

Nothing particular occurred farther, until we came to Weehawk. I noticed, however, that the hogs (*sues immundi* of the ancients) are in these parts particularly stupid. An instance which fell under our own observation, is very surprising. One of them had a yoke on his neck, to which was conjoined a stick parallel to the front of his head, perpendicularly directed. This prevented his getting between the bars of the fence; but the stupid beast continued bruising his nose, without reflecting that, by laying on his side, he might with facility have insinuated himself into the delightful bed of clover which tantalized his inability to enjoy it.

We arrived at the Weehawk inn, and stimulated with punch and crackers. These last were great curiosities, as they appeared, from the taste and inscription upon them, to have been baked in the year 1741. They were probably brought over from Holland by the present burgomaster of Weehawk. The dog ate them, apparently with much satisfaction, by which we discovered that he was a country dog, as those belonging to the city are not partial to such food.

We again set out on our pilgrimage, in order to survey the environs of this extensive and populous town, and struck into a different road. We saw two heifers lying on the grass, who did not seem to know what to do with themselves. Here we reflected on the darkness of the middle ages, and the glorious consequences of the invention of *printing*.

We heard something singing, and concluded it was a bird, the '*avis volucris*' of Linnæus. We turned out of the road here to enjoy the prospect afforded by a romantic glen, with a brook in it, and cascades according. The dog washed his feet, and we reflected on the source of the Nile.

We discovered an island in this stream, covered with tansies, bullfrogs, and one straight tall walnut-tree. We shook the latter in hopes of procuring some fruit; but as none descended, I suppose it was not the season for them. The withered leaves which covered the ground, while the trees above were in all their verdure, naturally led our contemplations to a comparison between youth and age, life and death, prosperity and adversity.

We returned to Weehawk through a juniper wood, and remarked two particularities in the inhabitants; one is, that they use pocket-handkerchiefs on no day of the week but the first, by any chance whatever. They are then, however, only worn for ornament — the wearer making a pretence of employing his clean and neatly-folded piece of muslin after he has performed the nasal emunction with his fingers. This is unquestionably a much cleaner practice than that of the Europeans and Neo-Eboracians.

The other singularity is, that they wear no *gallowses*, or suspenders. There is an antiquity before the door of the mansion, the date of which we were unable to ascertain. It is a gallows. Whenever any of the male inhabitants walked under this, we observed that they bowed gracefully, at the same time holding the waistband of their bracc hæ with their left hand; and by this we discovered the origin of the custom already mentioned. Peter Stuyvesant is recorded, in the chronicle of KNICKERBOCKER, to have punished minor offences by tying a rope round the criminal's middle, and letting him swim in

vacuo on a high gallows. Doubtless this indignity was ill brooked by the generous souls of the Dutchmen; and their posterity have inherited their feelings, though they are ignorant of the cause which makes them, as it were, involuntarily perform the feat aforesaid, and forswear *gallowses* as a memorial of their stigma.

We were here witnesses of a very interesting scene, the *last fisherman's* adieus and departure. All the rest had left the river long since; and this man, whose personal appearance was by no means deficient in the grotesque and picturesque, was taking his leave of the scene, and of the companions of many a carousal and festivity. They showed much less sympathy than he did, however, and refused to take off his hands a basket of codfish, the savor whereof was not indeed very inviting. Prose is too cold for this scene; I have therefore done it into verse.

L A Y O F T H E L A S T F I S H E R M A N .

The sun was sinking in his glory,
Behind the dark bluff's shaggy brow,
His ruddy rays stream'd thro' its verdure,
And streak'd with fire the wave below.
Lit by his sad and parting radiance
Was every tint of varying green;
The distant spires of yon proud city,
Bright flaming in the ray, were seen.

Fill'd by the mournful gale of even,
The white sails o'er the water mov'd,
When came a mariner all lonely,
To bid adieu to scenes he loved.
His locks hung scattered on the breezes,
Like sea-weeds wild dishevell'd spread;
Ruddy his visage, weather-beaten,
Like coral nurs'd in ocean's bed.

The waters blue lay calm and stilly,
As if to tempt him back again,
When stretching out his arms to heaven,
Thus spoke the LATEST FISHERMAN:
'The hour is come, and I must leave ye,
To wend where tempests furious blow;
Last of my race I fondly linger'd,
Till hope hath fled—and I must go.

'Deserted now, too lovely river!
The bare poles o'er thy waters stand,
And soon the winds and waves careering,
Shall root them from the treacherous
sand.
Moor'd in yon gentle creek securely,
My little bark, how wilt thou hide?
Will thine own element destroy thee?
Will strangers bear thee o'er the tide?

'O! if their grasp, with hands unhallow'd,
Should bear thee from that loved retreat

Gape all thy wounds, and break thy rudder,
And midway let them ruin meet!
I go where ocean darkly rages,
I go to ride the billowy wave;
Farewell! farewell! I must not linger,
If I the ocean storms would brave.

'Fare thee well, thou gallant Hudson,
If for ever, fare thee well!
Waft my last sigh, evening breezes,
Bear it on thy murmuring swell!
Fare thee well, thou fir-clad Weehawk!
Bend thy dark leaves in the gale;
Wave thy cedars now, all mournful,
As they seem to bid farewell!

'Fare thee well, my host, who kindly
Still for me bid cheerers foam,
I will bless thee, when, all dripping,
Driving on the deep I roam.
Fare thee well, too fair MARAUNCHE!
Oh! my heart is failing now—
Wild he look'd—put on his old hat,
As he rush'd from Weehawk's brow!

Then methought that by the river
Bless'd Saint Anthony had stood,
Calling to a second sermon
All the fishes of the flood!
For the wave was hid, where swarming,
Wild with joy's delicious power,
Big and little, porpoise, killie,
Tumbled on its top that hour!
Sport awhile, ye gentle fishes,
While ye may, for soon ye'll mourn—
One destroyer now hath left ye,
But a thousand will return!

* * * * *
[Hiatus valde defendus.]

STUDY: AN EXTRACT.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

Much study is a weariness : so said
 The sage of sages, and the aching eye,
 The pallid cheek, the trembling frame, the head
 Throbbing with thought, and torn with agony,
 Attest his truth ; and yet we will obey
 The intellectual *Numen*, and will gaze
 In wondering awe upon it, and will pay
 Worship to its omnipotence ; the blaze
 Of mind is as a fount of fire, that upward plays.

Aloft on snow-clad mountains, on whose breast
 Unspotted purity has ever lain ;
 The clouds of sense and passion cannot rest
 Upon its shadowy summit, nor can stain
 The white veil which enwraps it, nor in vain
 Roll the white floods of liquid heat ; they melt
 The gathered stores of ages ; to the plain
 They pour them down, in streams enkindling, felt
 By every human heart, in myriad channels dealt.

This is the electric spark sent down from heaven,
 That woke to second life the man of clay ;
 The torch was lit in ether, light was given,
 Which not all passion's storms can sweep away ;
 There is no closing to this once-risen day ;
 Tempests may darken but the sun will glow,
 Serene, unclouded, dazzling, and its ray
 Through some small crevices will always flow,
 Nor leave in utter night the world that gropes below.

A SABBATH WITH THE SHAKERS.

BY H. GREELEY.

I KNOW that it is now too late in the world's history for description ; that for the narrator, this is a used-up planet. Men have scaled its precipices, dug into its bowels, fathomed its oceans, penetrated its caverns, traversed its deserts, threaded its wildernesses, and clambered over its icebergs, until the unknown has become a shadow ; a sickly seething of the poet's brain. They have hammered its rocks, gathered its pebbles, dug up its bones, and afflicted its cuticle, until they have proved to a demonstration (but how, I am sure I don't know,) that the earth is a hundred thousand years old, and created by volcanoes ; that Moses, with all his piety and potency, was a bit of a humbug, and that his deluge was, on the whole, rather a small affair. No wonder a world so old should be worn out ; the real marvel is, that it should still be enabled to shuffle along at the rate of—I forget how many thousand miles an hour. It is high time that we poor superficial observers should stand back, and let the philosophers come, who can say something worth listening to. For myself, however, before making my bow, I would crave a word with you, reader, concerning the Shakers, and their singular worship. You have been bored with the subject a dozen times already ; I know it, and will discourse to you so tamely, in such harmony with

the spirit of modern literature, which should be popular, that you shall not be driven to the fatigue of thinking, from beginning to end of my brief narration.

The morning was deliciously cool and bracing, for the season, the last Sabbath in May, as my friend and I rolled over the sandy and rather uninteresting country between Albany and Niskayuna. It was just on the heel of a violent and long-continued rain-storm, which had brought the Hudson over the Albany docks, and put the sandy roads of the surrounding country in the best possible condition. The late foliage of the spring-time seemed just commencing to lend the pines its countenance in repelling the too violent or inquisitive sunshine; the fields of the husbandman looked still bare or backward, even on that warm soil; the rich unfolding blossoms of the apple-tree were alone in nature, save that the humble yet gay dandelion spread every where its petals beneath. It seemed rather the first than the last of May. No matter; 'June with its roses' could hardly have afforded us an air so pure and yet fragrant; she could not have given us an hour so cool and yet grateful. The forest minstrels seemed to have just found their voices, and to be determined to make the most of the acquisition.

The first token we had of the vicinity of the Shakers, was on the whole prepossessing — a row of venerable willows, on each side of the road. They would have shown better taste by planting elms or maples; but they make little pretension to that quality, and philanthropy is nobler than taste. It was something in their favor, moreover, to find the roads visibly improving, as we neared their settlement — as any man who has been dragged over a western 'corduroy' in its dotage, or forded a southern creek, in a leaky stage-coach, will cheerfully testify. But the village itself is at length in sight, its few modest but comfortable dwellings situated upon a smooth and velvet lawn, which a monarch might envy. A monarch? And why not a democrat? Here are no pampered and purse-proud nobles — no famished and pining beggars. Here no widow clasps in anguish her shivering babes, and looks despairingly to her empty cupboard and fireless hearth; no slave of business, scarcely less to be pitied, hurries from hollow friend to friend, imploring, in a perspiration of agony, for the means of taking up the note which must be met before the inexorable three, or he is a bankrupt. Here experiments have no potency, lawyers no business, sheriff's no terror. Happy, happy community! Who shall say that Arcadia is but a reverie, and the Golden Age a fiction of the poets — those brethren in veracity to the terrible-accident-makers?

Trees reared their verdure above, thick grass spread its carpet beneath, as we walked to the house dedicated to the worship of the Father of All. A wicket admitted us to the enclosure within which the houses are situated; and here a neat flagging conducts to the door of the temple. I may as well mention our meeting three of the sisters conducting a fourth female, who, as we were informed by the young girl in advance of the others — with perfect modesty and propriety, but without a particle of that shrinking diffidence with which a maiden elsewhere would have voluntarily accosted two total strangers — was a strange woman, whom they were inducing to leave the tabernacle, but who was evidently deranged, and pouring forth incoherently such snatches of sacred melodies as were upper-

most in her wreck of mind. We passed them, and entered. But few of the brethren had assembled, though the seats allotted to the profane were already full. They did not serve for half who came, but that mattered little, since those who had been seated got upon their feet, and eventually upon the benches, to look over the heads of those standing in front; and the number was so great, that we rather trenched upon the portion of the house reserved by the worshippers for their devotions.

At length all were assembled, and the exercises began. A brief address was delivered by one of the brethren — very sensible and proper. Then a hymn by all the faithful — animated, stirring, devotional. The execution of this and the two or three succeeding, might have been better. The vile nasal twang that too many better instructed persons contrive to throw into music of this cast, is insufferable. And yet if I ever feel strongly the impulse of devotion, it is when I hear one of these quick, unstudied, home-bred songs pealed forth by a whole congregation. In a camp-meeting or a Methodist conference — ay, or a Shaker gathering — these are the airs, if any, to bring the warm tear to the eye of manhood. The homeliness of the whole affair is just what renders it irresistible. A hundred instruments and educated voices, trilling some harmony of Handel or Beethoven, might better please the taste; but that very pleasure would be purchased at the expense of the heart. You could perceive how the whole thing was made up; how the effect was produced by the organ here, the viol there, and the prima donna next. The idea of human beings engaged in the fervent and engrossing worship of their Maker, is the last to enter the mind. I confess I labor under so utter a want of taste, as to like a lively, homely, spirited, unsophisticated hymn, gushing straight forth from the heart, better than a scientific performance. 'Old Hundred' reminds me of the roar of cannon on a distant battle-field, at which the patriot indeed grasps his musket for the fray, while the indifferent or the craven takes to his cellar or his heels; but a quick hymn is like the inspiring band of a recruiting regiment, which wakes a glow even in the stolid bosom that throbbed never before.

'Absurd!' says the cynic; 'a handful of miserable fools and bed-lamites making themselves ridiculous in a Shaker meeting — what has that to do with exciting devotional feelings in the breast of any rational being!'

Softly, my good Sir; it is the shadow only that is presented, when the actor 'struts his hour upon the stage,' and yet who that has seen him, has not been affected? You know, moreover, that with him all is hollowness. His trappings are the merest tinsel; his crown is paste-board; his rant is affectation; his mouthing is mockery. And yet a thousand hearts are hanging on his breath — a thousand sighs respond to his pretended misery. The Unreal inspires the True. But who shall decide that this which I now see is mockery? Who shall pronounce these actors hypocrites? Nay, who shall say that their worship is all displeasing to the Great Being to whom words are nothing, and who knows no other offering than the broken and contrite spirit? We will worship according to the dictates of a more rational but colder sentiment: let us not too rashly nor too

loudly condemn what we esteem our brother's error. He has made little progress in the path of righteousness, who has not learned the exercise of that charity which covereth all mistakes, and some transgressions.

'Peace be with all, whate'er their varying creeds —
With all who send up holy thoughts on high.'

I am sadder if not wiser than when, some five years since, I first attended a Shaker meeting. To-day is my second visit, but to another society. Then, it may be, I smiled with the rest at the eccentricities of Shaker devotion. Now a blush for human nature is prompted, when a grave elder addresses the gentiles to remind them of the obvious truths, that this is a house and an occasion of public worship; that those who do not like the mode, may stay away; but that there can be no excuse for merriment in those who voluntarily intrude upon such worship. This is pertinent — unanswerable. And yet, to the unthinking, there is a spice of the ludicrous in the look of things, when, after half an hour's intermingled exhortation and singing — the whole congregation of the chosen not only joining in the latter, but keeping time to it with their hands — the suggestion 'let us begin to labor' is made, and the brethren proceed to divest themselves of their drab frock-coats, as though the work were just commencing in earnest. I should have stated before, that the brethren and sisters come in at separate doors, and take seats at the opposite ends of the hall, facing each other. When they rise to engage in worship, the seats are all removed and piled against the walls. The two parties are now formed, each in a sort of half moon, the right line within two or three feet of each other. The men have at first laid away their wide-brimmed drab hats, which could not be kept on during service; the women have put away their nice plain bonnets, and appear in close-fitting caps, of snowy purity and whiteness.

And now, at a signal, the 'music' strikes up, to a wild, irregular chant, and the 'labor' begins. The first movement is very simple, consisting of a lively dancing march by the whole company, up to the farther wall of the temple, and then back to the close vicinity of the spectators. The evolutions are performed with extreme regularity and dexterity. I would have said 'surprising,' but it is not surprising that people do that to perfection which they have been doing every week, and perhaps every day, of their lives. We all know that habit gives great dexterity to the artist and the mechanic, as well as the juggler and the sharper. But I, who have none of this skill in Shakerism, may better spare myself the attempt to describe all the doings of which I was a patient and deeply interested spectator.

The only thing strongly provocative of the ludicrous, was the disparity of age among the performers. To see ponderous and solemn three-score-and-ten executing a vigorous and quick gallopade, or double-shuffle, for the glory of God, side by side with sedate fifty, athletic thirty, nimble sixteen, and the tender disciple of but eight or ten years — all in perfect time and exact accordance with the movements of matrons — no, maidens is the legitimate presumption — of discreet fifty, mature six-and-thirty, and damsels of winning

sixteen — was a spectacle at which to smile or sigh, as the heart should dictate. I may have smiled once or twice, but I am sure I sighed much oftener. They tell me (for I did not look that way) that the daughters of men who were there as spectators, indulged to excess their constitutional propensity to giggle, at what they esteemed the absurdities of Shakerism. Let me assure you, damsels, that this evinced neither good taste nor right feeling. It puts you, beside, in very undesirable company. I have seen blockheads so dull, so gross, so wholly animal, as to aggravate their uncouth features into a grin, at the spectacle of a water baptism.

Wildier and louder swells the music; quicker and more intricate becomes the 'labor.' Now all are prancing around the room, in double file, to a melody as lively as Yankee Doodle; now they perform a series of dexterous but indescribable manœuvres; now they balance; now whirl one another round in a fashion that I could describe, if I knew any thing of our Pagan amusement of dancing. But here is a hiatus in my education. I only know that some of the 'labor'* here performed, would do no discredit to the few ball rooms I have glanced into; far exceeding the performances in those, in point of regularity and precision, and not falling short in grace. The ball-dress is of course rather in contrast; but the unmistakable earnestness and devotion of these self-mortifying worshippers renders theirs by far the most interesting, and I will hope edifying, performance. We hear of people crucifying their sinful affections, every where; it is here alone that we are permitted to observe the process. Here alone do we overlook the battle-ground of a war against all carnal impulses; the holy war of King Shaddai upon Diabolus; the sanctifying devotions of a community of men and women who have cast from them for ever the master passion of humanity, and esteem themselves already enrolled in the company of the just made perfect. Tell me not, Skeptic, that this may be a pretence or a delusion; say not to me that beneath those homely garments beat hearts susceptible of other fires than those of devotion; pretend not that, beneath yon close-fitting cap and dainty green spectacles, you catch the twinkle of an unquiet eye. Out on your false judgment, Sir Skeptic! You are but looking into the depths of your own spirit, where all impurities luxuriate in rank profusion; and that maiden, as she swells with her gentle voice the sounding chorus,

'This is the path our Saviour trod,
This is the only way to God!'

is as certain that she has crucified all earthly affections, and is indeed in the 'only way to God,' (bigot, blush not for her, but for yourself!)

* APPROPRIOS of the 'labor' of dancing. A kind friend, (the prince-regent of story-tellers, who — a murrain on him! — always forestalls the market with the latest and best,) having our personal welfare much at heart, gave us, on a recent occasion, the annexed admonitory anecdote, as we stood waiting for a 'side-couple,' in a quadrille, at a private evening party: 'A sumptuous ball,' said he, 'was once given by the English officers and residents at Canton, at which the Chinese officers, civil and military, were guests. The mandarins, and other dignified disciples of Confucius, looked on, with the gravity of so many oysters. They understood nothing of the 'poetry of motion,' and the rigadoons and pirouettes, the gallopadas and mazourkas, appeared to them altogether too laborious for amusement. They could in no wise comprehend it; and finally, after great consideration, a solemn Taou-kwang inquired, with evident commiseration, of one of the English officers, why the 'barbarians' did not 'make their servants do that?' One should see, of a winter's evening, (from the street, without hearing the music,) the curled and plumed male and female heads bobbing up and down, through the frost-covered windows of Masonic Hall, to realize the celestial spectator's idea of 'labor lost.'

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

as is the Pope or the Archbishop of Canterbury. I will stake my head, that her conviction is stronger and clearer than theirs.

The power of excitement and of sympathy is too hackneyed a theme for anything beyond a passing remark. But here the working of the principle upon the unsophisticated may be observed to perfection. When the 'labor' commenced, the maidens of tender yet womanly years evidently felt a little of something like embarrassment at the presence, though accustomed, of so many strangers. Their conviction that they were doing God service was not shaken, yet there was evidently a feminine dread of misapprehension and ridicule; a spice of it only, and chastened down to the neighborhood of nothing, but still a feeling — which no breast of innate modesty and truth can at once calmly and wholly discard — that their worship would seem amusingly absurd to that mob of profane eyes and godless hearts: especially as they passed round in procession, within a breath of the masculine multitude, who formed a wall in close proximity to their path, you could mark the rising of a faint tinge of ruddier hue upon those else colorless and passionless features, evincing that their existence had not yet become all spiritual or vegetable; that, beneath that leaden coffin of the heart, yet lurked the embers of human emotion. The vestals of riper maidenhood condescended to no such struggling weakness. They had no thought but for One. But as the exercises proceeded, and devotion became enthusiasm, all distinction was lost; and the young and fair were only remarkable among their elders by their excess of fervor, or perhaps of physical power. At length, what was a measured dance becomes a wild, discordant frenzy; all apparent design or regulation is lost; and grave manhood and gentler girlhood are whirling round and round, two or three in company, then each for him or herself, in all the attitudes of a decapitated hen, or an expiring top. The scene and its interest grow painful; and I am glad that the crazy woman has at length made her way back into the tabernacle, and commenced her strangely shrill and discordant music. The spell is dissolved; an elder proclaims that 'the assembly is dismissed;' the multitude escape their merriment, and I to my meditation.

TO AN EYE.

FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF A LOVER.

THERE'S something in that mild but bright blue eye,
 Sweet as the calm and lovely look of heaven,
 When the last sunbeam trembles o'er the sky,
 And sparkling lonely, glows the star of even.
 Oh! it distills the ambrosial dews of love —
 Its glance reveals a seraph there abiding:
 When falls the lash, its liquid lustre hiding,
 As cower the quivering wings of timid dove,
 Lapped into languor, dearly, tenderly —
 The heart does homage, wondering at the spell
 That thus so silently, and yet so well,
 Has bound it in a trance of ecstasy:
 Oh! he on whom that eye in kindness bends,
 May laugh at faithless men — he has a world of friends!

THE BARD.

'Igneus est ollis vigor, et cælestis origo!'

THAT sacred beam which warms the poet's mind,
E'en by himself can never be defined,
And, like the darkness that in Egypt dwelt,
May not delineated be, but felt:
It is not of the heart, nor of the head,
But of the inmost soul, sustained and fed
By that ambrosial feast to Israel given,
Gathered on earth, but sent direct from heaven!

But envy not, contented sons of clay,
The rare possessor of this glorious ray;
'Tis a devouring flame, a torch to illumine
And lighten others, but itself consume.
Even thus it seems to gross corporeal eyes:
But know that he that bears it, death defies.
He asks nor sculptured brass nor breathing bust,
To cancel 'earth to earth, and dust to dust';
More dear to him his very throes and pains,
Than all ambition gives, or avarice gains;
Throes that no common offspring bring to birth,
All time their heritage, their home all earth;
The fire that wastes his strength, and day by day,
As sword the scabbard, wastes his frame away,
Lights up a lamp that richer gifts bestows
Than all the wealth that famed Aladdin's shows;
A lamp whose dying rays the brightest rise,
And their last glimmerings beam an earnest of the skies.

LETTERS

OF LUCIUS M. PISO, FROM ROME, TO FAUSTA, THE DAUGHTER OF GRACCHUS, AT PALMYRA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE PALMYRA LETTERS.'

LETTER THREE.

You are right, Fausta, in your unfavorable judgment of the Roman populace. The Romans are not a people one would select to whom to propose a religion like this of Christianity. All causes seem to combine to injure and corrupt them. They are too rich. The wealth of subject kingdoms and provinces finds its way to Rome; and not only in the form of tribute to the treasury of the empire, but in that of the private fortunes amassed by such as have held offices in them for a few years, and who then return to the capital, to dissipate in extravagances and luxuries, unknown to other parts of the world, the riches wrung by violence, injustice, and avarice, from the wretched inhabitants whom fortune had delivered into their power. Yes, the wealth of Rome is accumulated in such masses, not through the channels of industry nor commerce; it arrives in bales and ship-loads, drained from foreign lands by the hand of extortion. The palaces are not to be numbered, built, and adorned, in a manner surpassing those of the monarchs of other nations, which are the private residences of those, or of the descendants of those, who for a few years have presided over some distant province, but in that brief time, Verrès-like, have used their opportunities so well as to return home oppressed with a wealth which life proves not long enough to

spend, notwithstanding the aid of dissolute and spendthrift sons. Here have we a single source of evil equal to the ruin of any people. The morals of no community could be protected against such odds. It is a mountain torrent tearing its way through the fields of the husbandman, whose trees and plants possess no strength of branch or root to resist the inundation.

Then in addition to all this, there are the largesses of the emperor, not only to his armies, but to all the citizens of Rome; which are now so much a matter of expectation, that rebellions I believe would ensue were they not bestowed. Aurelian, before his expedition to Asia, promised to every citizen a couple of crowns; he has redeemed the promise by the distribution, not of money but of bread, two loaves to each, with the figure of a crown stamped upon them. Beside this, there has been an allowance of meat and pork — so much to all the lower orders. He even contemplated the addition of wine to the list, but was hindered by the judicious suggestion of his friend and general, Mucapor, that if he provided wine and pork, he would next be obliged to furnish them fowls also, or public tumults might break out. This recalled him to his senses. Still, however, only in part, for the other grants have not been withdrawn. In this manner is this whole population supported in idleness. Labor is confined to the slaves. The poor feed upon the bounties of the emperor, and the wealth so abundantly lavished by senators, nobles, and the retired proconsuls. Their sole employment is, to wait upon the pleasure of their many masters, serve them, as they are ready enough to do, in the toils and preparations of luxury, and what time they are not thus occupied, pass the remainder of their hours at the theatres, at the circuses, at games of a thousand kinds, or in noisy groups at the corners of the streets, and in the market-places.

It is become a state necessity to provide amusements for the populace, in order to be safe against their violence. The theatres, the baths, with their ample provisions for passing away time, in some indolent amusement or active game, are always open, and always crowded. Public or funeral games are also in progress, without intermission, in different parts of the capital. Those instituted in honor of the gods, and which make a part of the very religion of the people, are seldom suspended for even a day. At one temple or another, in this grove or that, within or without the walls, are these lovers of pleasure entertained by shows, processions, music, and sacrifices. And as if these were not enough, or when they perchance fail for a moment, and the sovereign people are listless and dull, the Flavian is thrown open by the imperial command, the Vivaria vomit forth their maddened and howling tenants, either to destroy each other, or dye the dust of the arena with the blood of gladiators, criminals, or captives. These are the great days of the Roman people; these their favorite pleasures. The cry through the streets in the morning of even women and boys, 'Fifty captives to-day for the lions in the Flavian!' together with the more solemn announcement of the same by the public heralds, and by painted bills at the corners of the streets, and on the public baths, is sure to throw the city into a fever of excitement, and rivet by a new bond the affections of this bloody people to their indulgent emperor.

Hardly has the floor of the amphitheatre been renewed since the

cessation of the triumphal games of Aurelian, before it is again to be soaked with blood in honor of Apollo, whose magnificent temple is within a few days to be dedicated.

Never before I believe was there a city whose inhabitants so many and so powerful causes conspired to corrupt and morally destroy. Were I to give you a picture of the vices of Rome, it would be too dark and foul a one for your eye to read, but not darker nor fouler than you will suppose it must necessarily be, to agree with what I have already said. Where there is so little industry and so much pleasure, the vices will flourish and shoot up to their most gigantic growth. Not in the days of Nero were they more luxuriant than now. Aurelian, in the first year of his reign, laid upon them a severe but useful restraint, and they were checked for a time. But since he has himself departed from the simplicity and rigor of that early day, and actually or virtually repealed the laws which then were promulgated for the reformation of the city in its manners, the people have also relapsed, and the ancient excesses are renewed.

This certainly is not a people who, in its whole mass, will be eager to receive the truths of a religion like this of Christianity. It will be repulsive to them. You are right in believing that among the greater part it will find no favor. But all are not such as I have described. There are others different in all respects, and who stand waiting the appearance of some principles of philosophy or religion which shall be powerful enough to redeem their country from idolatry and moral death, as well as raise themselves from darkness to light. Some of this sort are to be found among the nobles and senators themselves, a few among the very dregs of the people, but most among those who, securing for themselves competence and independence by their own labor in some of the useful arts, and growing thoughtful and intelligent with their labor, understand in some degree, which others do not, what life is for and what they are for, and hail with joy truths which commend themselves to both their reason and affections. It is out of these, the very best blood of Rome, that our Christians are made. They are, in intelligence and virtue, the very bone and muscle of the capital, and of our two millions constitute no mean proportion — large enough to rule and control the whole, should they ever choose to put forth their power. It is among these that the Christian preachers aim to spread their doctrines, and when they shall all, or in their greater part, be converted, as, judging of the future by the past and present, will happen in no long time, Rome will be safe and the empire safe. For it needs, I am persuaded for Rome to be as pure as she is great, to be eternal in her dominion, and then the civilizer and saviour of the whole world. O, glorious age! — not remote — when truth shall wield the sceptre in Cæsar's seat, and subject nations of the earth no longer come up to Rome to behold and copy her vices, but to hear the law and be imbued with the doctrine of Christ, so bearing back to the remotest province precious seed, there to be planted, and spring up and bear fruit, filling the earth with beauty and fragrance.

These things, Fausta, in answer to the questions at the close of your letter, which betray just such an interest in the subject which engrosses me, as it gives me pleasure to witness.

I have before mentioned the completion of Aurelian's Temple of the Sun, and the proposed dedication. This august ceremony is appointed for to-morrow, and this evening we are bidden to the gardens of Sallust, where is to be all the rank and beauty of Rome. O that thou, Fausta, couldst be there !

I HAVE been, I have seen, I have supped, I have returned ; and again seated at my table, beneath the protecting arm of my chosen divinity, I take my pen, and by a few magic flourishes and marks, cause you, a thousand leagues away, to see and hear what I have seen and heard — alas ! that I cannot cause you to sup as I did also. But this is beyond the power of the pen.

Accompanied by Portia and Julia, I was within the palace of the emperor early enough to enjoy the company of Aurelian and Livia, before the rest of the world was there. We were carried to the more private apartments of the empress, where it is her custom to receive those whose friendship she values most highly. They are in that part of the palace which has undergone no alterations since it was the residence of the great historian, but shines in all the lustre of a taste and an art that adorned a more accomplished age than our own. Especially, it seems to me, in the graceful disposition of the interiors of their palaces, and the combined richness and appropriateness of the art lavished upon them, did the genius of the days of Hadrian and Vespasian surpass our own. Not that I defend all that that genius adopted and immortalized. It was not seldom licentious and gross in its conceptions, however unrivalled in the art and science by which they were made to glow upon the walls, or actually speak and move in marble or brass. In the favorite apartment of Livia, into which we were now admitted, perfect in its forms and proportions, the walls and ceilings are covered with the story of Leda, wrought with an effect of drawing and color, of which the present times afford no example. The well-known Greek, Polymnestes, was the artist. And this room, in all its embellishments, is chaste and cold, compared with others, whose subjects were furnished to the painter by the profligate master himself.

The room of Leda, as it is termed, is — but how beautiful it is I cannot tell. Words paint poorly to the eye. Believe it not less beautiful, nor less exquisitely adorned with all that woman loves most, hangings, carpets, and couches, than any in the palace of Gracchus or Zenobia. It was here we found Aurelian and Livia, and his niece Aurelia. The emperor — habited in silken robes richly wrought with gold, the inseparable sword at his side, from which, at the expense of whatever incongruity, he never parts — advanced to the door to receive us, saying :

‘I am happy that the mildness of this autumn day permits this pleasure, to see the mother of the Pisos beneath my roof. It is rare now-a-days that Rome sees her abroad.’

‘Save to the palace of Aurelian,’ replied my mother, ‘I now, as is well known, never move beyond the precincts of my own dwelling. Since the captivity and death of your former companion in

arms, my great husband, Cneius Piso, the widow's hearth has been my hall of state, these widow's weeds my only robes. But it must be more than private grief, and more than the storms of autumn or of winter, that would keep me back, when it is Aurelian who bids to the feast.'

'We owe you many thanks,' replied the emperor. 'Would that the loyalty of the parents were inherited by the children;' casting toward me, as he saluted me at the same time, a look which seemed to say that he was partly serious, if partly in jest. After mutual inquiries and salutations, we were soon seated upon couches beneath a blaze of light which, from the centre of the apartment, darted its brightness, as it had been the sun itself, to every part of the room.

'It is no light sorrow to a mother's heart,' said Portia, 'to know that her two sons, and her only sons, are, one the open enemy of his country, the other — what shall I term you, Lucius? — an innovator upon her ancient institutions; and while he believes and calls himself — sincerely, I doubt not — the friend of his country, is in truth, as every good Roman would say — not an enemy, my son, I cannot use that word, but as it were — an unconscious injurer. Would that the conqueror of the world had power to conquer this boy's will!'

'Aurelian, mother,' I replied, 'did he possess the power, would hesitate to use it in such a cause. But it is easy to see that it would demand infinitely more power to change one honest mind, than to subdue even the world by the sword.'

Aurelian for a brief moment looked as if he had received a personal affront.

'How say you,' said he, 'demands it more power to change one mind than conquer a world? Methinks it might be done with something less. My soldiers often maintain with violence a certain opinion; but I find it not difficult to cause them to let it go, and take mine in its place. The arguments I use never fail.'

'That may be,' I replied, 'in matters of little moment. Even in these, however, is it not plain, Aurelian, that you cause them not to let go their opinion, but merely to suppress it, or affect to change it. Your power may compel them either to silence, or to an assertion of the very contrary of what they but just before had declared as their belief, but it cannot alter their minds. That is to be done by reason only, not by force.'

'By reason first,' answered the emperor; 'but if that fail, then by force. The ignorant, and the presumptuous, and the mischievous, must be dealt with as we deal with children. If we argue with them, it is a favor. It is our right, as it is better, to command and compel.'

'Only establish it that such and such are ignorant, and erroneous, and presumptuous, and I allow that it would be right to silence them. But that is the very difficulty in the case. How are we to know that they who think differently from ourselves, are ignorant or erroneous? Surely the fact of the difference is not satisfactory proof.'

'They,' rejoined Aurelian, 'who depart from a certain standard in art, are said to err. The thing in this case is of no consequence

to any, therefore no punishment ensues. So there is a standard of religion in the state, and they who depart from it may be said to err. But as religion is essential to the state, they who err should be brought back, by whatever application of force, and compelled to conform to the standard.'

'In what sense,' said Portia, 'can common and ignorant people be regarded as fit judges of what constitutes or does not constitute a true religion? It is a subject level scarce to philosophers. If indeed the gods should vouchsafe to descend to earth and converse with men, and in that manner teach some new truth, then any one, possessed of eyes and ears, might receive it and retain it, without presumption. Nay, he could not but do so; but not otherwise.'

'Now have you stated,' said I, 'that which constitutes the precise case of Christianity. They who received Christianity in the first instance, did it not by balancing against each other such refined arguments as philosophers use. They were simply judges of matters of fact — of what their eyes beheld and their ears heard. God did vouchsafe to descend to earth, and by his messenger converse with men, and teach new truth. All that men had then to do was this, to see whether the evidence was sufficient that it was a God speaking; and that being made plain, to listen and record. And at this day, all that is to be done is, to inquire whether the record be true. If the record be a well-authenticated one of what the mouth of God spoke, it is then adopted as the code of religious truth. As for what the word contains — it requires no acute intellect to judge concerning it — a child may understand it all.'

'Truly,' replied Portia, 'this agrees but ill with what I have heard and believed concerning Christianity. It has ever been set forth as a thing full of darkness and mystery, which it requires the most vigorous powers to penetrate and comprehend.'

'So has it been ever presented to me,' added the emperor. 'I have conceived it to be but some new form of Plato's dreams, neither more clear in itself, nor promising to be of more use to mankind. So, if I err not, the learned Porphyrius has stated it.'

'A good fact,' here interposed Julia, 'is worth more in this argument than the learning of the most learned. Is it not sufficient proof, Aurelian, that Christianity is somewhat sufficiently plain and easy, that women are able to receive it so readily? Take me as an unanswerable argument on the side of Piso.'

'The women of Palmyra,' replied the emperor, 'as I have good reason to know, are more than the men of other climes. She who reads Plato and the last essays of Plotinus, of a morning, seated idly beneath the shadow of some spreading beech, just as a Roman girl would the last child's story of Spurius about father Tiber and the Milvian Bridge, is not to be received in this question as but a woman, with a woman's powers of judgment. When the women of Rome receive this faith as easily as you do, then may it be held as an argument for its simplicity. But let us now break off the thread of this discourse, too severe for the occasion, and mingle with our other friends, who by this must be arrived.'

So with these words we left the apartment where we had been sitting, the emperor having upon one side Portia, and on the other

Livia, and moved toward the great central rooms of the palace, where guests are entertained, and the imperial banquets held.

The company was not numerous ; it was rather remarkable for its selectness. Among others not less distinguished, there were the venerable Tacitus, the consul Capitolinus, Marcellinus the senator, the prefect Varus, the priest Fronto, the generals Probus and Mucator, and a few other of the military favorites of Aurelian.

Of the conversation at supper I remember little or nothing, only that it was free and light, each seeming to enjoy himself and the companion who reclined next to him. Aurelian, with a condescending grace which no one knows how better to assume than he, urged the wine upon his friends, as they appeared occasionally to forget it, offering frequently some new and unheard of kind, brought from Asia, Greece, or Africa, and which he would exalt to the skies for its flavor. More than once did he, as he is wont to do in his sportive mood, deceive us ; for, calling upon us to fill our goblets with what he described as a liquor surpassing all of Italy, and which might serve for Hebe to pour out for the gods, and requiring us to drink it off in honor of Bacchus, Pan, or Ceres, we found upon lifting our cups to drain them that they had been charged with some colored and perfumed medicament more sour or bitter than the worst compound of the apothecary, or than massican overheated in the vats. These sallies, coming from the master of the world, were sure to be well received ; his satellites, of whom not a few were near him, being ready to die with excess of laughter — the attendant slaves catching the jest, and enjoying it with noisy vociferation. I laughed with the rest, for it seems wise to propitiate, by any act not absolutely base, one whose ambitious and cruel nature, unless soothed and appeased by such offerings, is so prone to reveal itself in deeds of darkness.

When the feast was nearly ended, and the attending slaves were employed in loading it for the last time with fruits, olives, and confections, a troop of eunuchs, richly habited, entered the apartment to the sound of flutes and horns, bearing upon a platter of gold an immense bowl or vase of the same metal, filled to the brim with wine, which they placed in the centre of the table, and then, at the command of the emperor, with a ladle of the same precious material and ornamented with gems, served out the wine to the company. At first, as the glittering pageant advanced, astonishment kept us mute, and caused us involuntarily to rise from our couches to watch the ceremony of introducing it and fixing it in its appointed place : for never before in Rome had there been seen, I am sure, a golden vessel of such size, or wrought with art so marvellous. The language of wonder and pleasure was heard, on every side, from every mouth. Even Livia and Julia, who in Palmyra had been used to the goblets and wine cups of the eastern Demetrius, showed amazement not less than the others at a magnificence and a beauty that surpassed all experience and all conception. Just above where the bowl was placed, hung the principal light, by which the table and the apartment were illuminated, which, falling in floods upon the wrought or polished gold and the thickly strewed diamonds, caused it to blaze with a splendor which the eyes could hardly bear, and, till accustomed to it by gazing, prevented us from minutely examin-

ing the sculptures, which, with lavish profusion and consummate art, glowed and burned upon the pedestal, the swelling sides, the rim and handles of the vase, and covered the broad and golden plain upon which it stood. I happily was near it, being seated opposite Aurelian, and on the inner side of the table, which, as the custom now is, was of the form of a bent bow, so that I could study at my leisure the histories and fables that were wrought over its whole surface. Julia and Livia, being also near it on the other side of the table, were in the same manner wholly absorbed in the same agreeable task.

Livia, being quite carried out of herself by this sudden and unexpected splendor — having evidently no knowledge of its approach — like a girl, as she still is, in her natural, unpremeditated movements, rose from her couch, and eagerly bent forward toward the vase, the better to scan its beauties, saying, as she did so :

‘The emperor must himself stand answerable for all breaches of order, under circumstances like these. Good friends, let all who will freely approach, and, leaving for a moment that of Bacchus, drink at the fountain of Beauty.’ Whereupon, all who were so disposed gathered round the centre of the table.

‘This,’ said Varus, ‘both for size, and the perfect art lavished upon it, surpasses the glories fabled of the buckler of Minerva, whose fame has reached us.’

‘You say right ; it does so,’ said the emperor. ‘That dish of Vitellius was inferior in workmanship, as it was less in weight and size, than this, which, before you all, I here name ‘THE CUP OF LIVIA.’ Let us fill again from it, and drink to the empress of all the world.’

All sprang in eager haste to comply with a command that carried with it its own enforcement.

‘Whatever,’ continued the emperor, when our cups had been drained, ‘may have been the condition of art in other branches of it, in the time of that emperor, there was no one then whose power over the metals, or whose knowledge of forms, was comparable with that of our own Demetrius ; for this, be it known, is the sole work of the Roman — and yet, to speak more truly, it must be said the Greek — Demetrius, aided by his brother from the east, who is now with him. Let the music cease ; we need that disturbance no more ; and call in the brothers Demetrius. These are men who honor any age and any presence.’

The brothers soon entered ; and never were princes or ambassadors greeted with higher honor. All seemed to contend which should say the most flattering and agreeable thing. ‘Slaves,’ cried the emperor, ‘a couch and cups for the Demetrii.’

The brothers received all this courtesy with the native ease and dignity which ever accompany true genius. There was no offensive boldness nor presuming vanity, but neither was there any shrinking cowardice nor timidity. They felt that they were men not less distinguished by the gods than many or most of those in whose presence they were, and they were sufficient to themselves. The Roman Demetrius resembles much his brother of Palmyra, but in both form and countenance possesses beauty of a higher order. His look is

contemplative and inward; his countenance pale and yet dark; his features even and exactly shaped, like a statue; his hair short and black; his dress, as was that of him of Palmyra, of the richest stuffs, and showing that wealth had become their reward as well as fame.

'Let us,' cried the emperor, 'in full cups drawn from the Livian fount, do honor to ourselves, and the arts, by drinking to the health of Demetrius of Palmyra and Demetrius of Rome.' Every cup was filled and drained. 'We owe you thanks,' then added Aurelian, 'that you have completed this great work at the time promised, though I fear it has been to your own cost, for the paleness of your cheeks speaks not of health.'

'The work,' replied the Roman Demetrius, 'could not have been completed but for the timely and effectual aid of my eastern brother, to whose learned hand, quicker in its execution than my own, you are indebted for the greater part of the sculptures upon both the bowl and dish.'

'It is true, noble emperor,' said the impetuous brother, 'my hand is the quicker of the two, and in some parts of this work, especially in whatever pertains to the east, and to the forms of building or of vegetation, or costume seen chiefly or only there, my knowledge was perhaps more exact and minute than his; but let it be received, that the head that could design these forms, and conceive and arrange these histories, and these graceful ornaments—to my mind more fruitful of genius than all else—observe you them? have you scanned them all?—belongs to no other than Demetrius of Rome. In my whole hand there resides not the skill that is lodged in one of his fingers—nor in my whole head the power that lies behind one of his eyes.'

The enthusiasm of the eastern brother called up a smile upon the faces of all, and a blush upon the white cheek of the Roman.

'My brother is younger than I,' he said, 'and his blood runs quicker. All that he says, though it be a picture of the truest heart ever lodged in man, is yet to be taken with abatement. But for him, this work would have been far below its present merit. Let me ask you especially to mark the broad border where is set forth the late triumph, and ambassadors, captives, and animals of all parts of the earth, especially of the east, are seen in their appropriate forms and habits. That is all from the chisel of my brother. Behold here'—and rising he approached the vase, and vast as it was, by a touch—so was it constructed—turned it round—'behold here, where is figured the queen of——' In the enthusiasm of art, he had forgotten for a moment to whom he was speaking, for at that instant his eye fell upon the countenance of Julia, who stood near him, and which he saw cast down by an uncontrollable grief. He paused, confused and grieved—saying, as he turned back the vase: 'Ah me! cruel and indiscreet! Pardon me, noble ladies! and yet I deserve it not.'

'Go on, go on, Demetrius,' said Julia, assuming a cheerful air. 'You offend me not. The course of empire must have its way; individuals are but emmets in the path. I am now used to this, believe me. It is for you rather, and the rest, to forgive in me a sudden weakness.'

Demetrius, thus commanded, resumed, and then with minuteness, with much learning and eloquence, discoursed successively upon the histories or emblematic devices of this the chief work of his hands. All were sorry when he ceased.

‘To what you have overlooked,’ said Aurelian, as he paused, ‘must I call you back, seeing it is that part of the work which I most esteem, and in which at this moment I and all, I trust, are most interested — the sculptures upon the platter; and which represent the new temple and ceremonies of the dedication, which to-morrow we celebrate.’

‘Of this,’ replied Demetrius, ‘I said less, because perhaps the work is inferior, having been committed, our time being short, to the hands of a pupil — a pupil, however, I beg to say, who, if the Divine Providence spare him, will one day, and that not a remote one, cast a shadow upon his teachers.’

‘That will he,’ said the brother; ‘Flaccus is full of the truest inspiration.’

‘But to the dedication — the dedication,’ interrupted the hoarse voice of Fronto.

Demetrius started and shrunk backward a step at that sound, but instantly recovered himself, and read into an intelligible language many of the otherwise obscure and learned details of the sculpture. As he ended, the emperor said:

‘We thank you, Demetrius, for your learned lecture, which has given a new value to your work. And now, while it is in my mind, let me bespeak, as soon as leisure and inclination shall serve, a silver statue gilded of Apollo, for the great altar, which to-morrow will scarce be graced with such a one as will agree with the temple and its other ornaments.’

Demetrius, as this was uttered, again started, and his countenance became of a deadly paleness. He hesitated a moment, as if studying how to order his words so as to express least offensively an offensive truth. On the instant I suspected what the truth was; but I was wholly unprepared for it. I had received no intimation of such a thing.

‘Great emperor,’ he began, ‘I am sorry to say — and yet not sorry — that I cannot now as once labor for the decoration of the temples and their worship. I am —’

‘Ye gods of Rome! —’ cried Fronto.

‘Peace,’ said the emperor, ‘let him be heard. How say you?’

‘I am now a Christian, and I hold it not lawful to bestow my power and skill in the workmanship of gods, in whom I believe not, and thus become the instrument of an erroneous faith in others.’

This was uttered firmly but with modesty. The countenance of the emperor was overclouded for a moment. But it partially cleared up again as he said:

‘I lay not, Demetrius, the least constraint upon you. The four years that I have held this power in Rome, have been years of freedom to my people in this respect. Whether I have done well in that for our city and the empire, many would doubt. I almost doubt myself.’

‘That would they, by Hercules!’ said the soft voice of Varus, just at my ear, and intended chiefly for me.

‘My brother,’ said Demetrius, ‘will be happy to execute for the emperor the work which he has been pleased to ask of me. He remains steadfast in the faith in which he was reared; the popular faith of Athens.’

‘Apollo,’ said Demetrius of Palmyra, ‘is my especial favorite among all the gods, and of him I have wrought more statues in silver, gold, or ivory, or of these variously and curiously combined, than of all the others. If I should be honored in this labor, I should request to adopt the marble image now standing in the baths of Caracalla, and once, it is said, the chief wonder of Otho’s palace of wonders, as a model after which, with some deviations, to mould it. I think I could make that that should satisfy Aurelian and Rome.’

‘Do it, do it,’ said the emperor, ‘and let it be seen that the worshipper of his country’s gods is not behind him who denies them, in his power to do them honor.’

‘I shall not sleep,’ said the enthusiastic artist, ‘till I have made a model in wax at least of what at this moment presents itself to my imagination.’ Saying which, with little ceremony — as if the empire depended upon his reaching on the instant his chalk and wax — and to the infinite amusement of the company, he rose and darted from the apartment, the slaves making way as for a missile that it might be dangerous to obstruct.

‘But in what way,’ said Aurelian, turning to the elder Demetrius, ‘have you been wrought upon to abandon the time-honored religion of Rome? Methinks the whole world is becoming of this persuasion.’

‘If I may speak freely —’

‘With utmost freedom,’ said Aurelian.

‘I may then say, that ever since the power to reflect upon matters so deep and high had been mine, I had doubted first the truth of the popular religion, and then soon rejected it, as what brought to me neither comfort nor hope, and was burdened with things essentially incredible and monstrous. For many years, many weary years — for the mind demands something positive in this quarter, it cannot remain in suspense, and vacant — I was without belief. Why it was so long before I turned to the Christians, I know not, unless because of the reports which were so common to their disadvantage, and the danger which has so often attended a profession of their faith. At length, in a fortunate hour, there fell into my hands the sacred books of the Christians, and I needed little beside to show me that theirs is a true and almighty faith, and that all that is current in the city to its dishonor, is false and calumnious. I am now happy, not only as an artist and a Roman, but as a man and an immortal.’

‘You speak earnestly,’ said Aurelian.

‘I feel so,’ replied Demetrius, a generous glow lighting up his pale countenance.

‘Would,’ rejoined the emperor, ‘that some of the zeal of these Christians might be infused into the sluggish spirits of our own people. The ancient faith suffers through neglect, and the prevailing impiety of those who are its disciples.’

'May it not rather be,' said Fronto, 'that the ancient religion of the state, having so long been neglected by those who are its appointed guardians, to the extent that even Judaism, and now Christianity—which are but disguised forms of Atheism—have been allowed to insinuate and entrench themselves in the empire, the gods now in anger turn away from us, who have been so unfaithful to ourselves, and thus this plausible impiety is permitted to commit its havocs. I believe the gods are ever faithful to the faithful.'

'What good citizen, too,' added Varus, 'but must lament to witness the undermining and supplanting of those venerable forms under which this universal empire has grown to its present height of power? He is scarcely a Roman, who denies the gods of Rome, however observant he may be of her laws and other institutions. Religion is her greatest law.'

'These are hard questions,' said the emperor. 'For know you not that some of our noblest, and fairest, and most beloved, have written themselves followers of this Gallilean God? How can we deal sharply with a people at whose head stands the head of the noble house of the Pisos, and a princess of the blood of Palmyra?'

Although Aurelian uttered these words in a manner almost sportive to the careless ear, yet I confess myself to have discovered at the moment an inward expression of the countenance, and a tone in the voice, which for the time gave me uneasiness. I was about to speak, when the venerable Tacitus addressed the emperor and said:

'I can never think it wise to interfere with violence in the matter of men's worship. It is impossible, I believe, to compel mankind to receive any one institution of religion, because different tribes of men, different by nature and by education, will and do demand, not the same, but different forms of belief and worship. Why should they be alike in this, while they separate so widely in other matters? and can it be a more hopeful enterprise to oblige them to submit to the same rules in their religion, than it would be to compel them to feed on the same food, and use the same forms of language or dress? I know that former emperors have thought and acted differently. They have deemed it a possible thing to restore the ancient unity of worship, by punishing with severity, by destroying the lives even of such as should dare to think for themselves. But their conduct is not to be defended, either as right in itself or best for the state. It has not been true, as policy. For is it not evident, how oppression of those who believe themselves to be possessed of truth important to mankind, serves but to bind them the more closely to their opinions? Are they, for a little suffering, to show themselves such cowards as to desert their own convictions, and prove false to the interests of multitudes? Rather, say they, let us rejoice in such a cause to bear reproach. This is the language of our nature. Nay, such persons come to prize suffering, to make it a matter of pride and boasting. Their rank among themselves is by-and-by determined by the readiness with which they offer themselves as sacrifices for truth and God. Are such persons to be deterred by threats, or the actual infliction of punishment?'

'The error has been,' here said the evil-boding Fronto, 'that the infliction of punishment went not to the extent that is indispensable

to the success of such a work. The noble Piso will excuse me ; we are but dealing with abstractions. Oppress those who are in error only to a certain degree, not extreme, and it is most true they cling the closer to their error. We see this in the punishment of children. Their obstinacy and pride are increased by a suffering which is slight, and which seems to say, 'I am too timid, weak, or loving, to inflict more.' So too with our slaves. Whose slaves ever rose a second time against the master's authority, whose first offence, however slight, was met, not by words or lashes, but by racks and the cross ?

'Nay, great Fronto, hold ; your zeal for the gods bears you away beyond the bounds of courtesy.'

'Forgive me then, great sovereign, and you who are here — if you may ; but neither time nor place shall deter me, a minister of the great god of light, from asserting the principles upon which his worship rests, and, as I deem, the empire itself. Under Decius, had true Romans sat on the tribunals, had no hearts too soft for such offices turned traitors to the head, had no accursed spirit of avarice received the bribes which procured security to individuals, families, and communities ; had there been no commutations of punishment, then ——'

'Peace, I say, Fronto ; thou marrest the spirit of the hour. How came we thus again to this point ? Such questions are for the council-room or the senate. Yet, truth to say, so stirred seems the mind of this whole people in the matter, that in battle one may as well escape from the din of clashing arms or the groans of the dying, as in Rome avoid this argument. Nay, by my sword ! not a voice can I hear, either applauding, disputing, or condemning, since I have set on foot this new war in the east. Once, the city would have rung with acclamations that an army was gathering for such an enterprise. Now, it seems quite forgotten that Valerian once fell, or that, late though it be, he ought to be revenged. This Jewish and Christian argument fills all heads, and clamors on every tongue. Come, let us shake off this dæmon in a new cup, and drink deep to the revenge of Valerian.'

'And of the gods,' ejaculated Fronto, as he lifted the goblet to his lips.'

'There again ?' quickly and sharply demanded Aurelian, bending his dark brows upon the offender.

'Doubtless,' said Portia, 'he means well, though over zealous and rash in speech. His heart I am sure seconds not the cruel language of his tongue. So at least I will believe ; and in the mean time hope that the zeal he has displayed for the ancient religion of our country may not be without its use upon some present' — glancing her eye toward me and Julia — 'who, with what I trust will prove a brief truancy, have wandered from their household gods and the temples of their fathers.'

'May the gods grant it !' added Livia, 'and restore the harmony which should reign in our families and in the capital. Life is over brief to be passed in quarrel. Now let us abandon our cups. Sir Christian Piso ! lead me to the gardens, and let the others follow as they may our good example.'

The gardens we found, as we passed from the palace, to be most brilliantly illuminated with lamps of every form and hue. We seemed suddenly to have passed to another world, so dream-like was the effect of the multitudinous lights, as they fell with white, red, lurid, or golden glare upon bush or tree, grotto, statue, or marble fountain.

‘Forget here, Lucius Piso,’ said the kind-hearted Livia, ‘what you have just heard from the lips of that harsh bigot, the savage Fronto. Who could have looked for such madness! Not again, if I possess the power men say I do, shall he sit at the table of Aurelian. Poor Julia too! But see! she walks with Tacitus. Wisdom and mercy are married in him, and both will shed comfort on her.’

‘I cannot but lament,’ I replied, ‘that a creature like Fronto should have won his way so far into the confidence of Aurelian. But I fear him not, and do not believe that he will have power to urge the emperor to the adoption of measures, to which his own wisdom and native feelings must stand opposed. The rage of such men as Fronto, and the silent pity and scorn of men immeasurably his superiors, we have both now learned to bear without complaint, though not without some inward suffering. To be shut out from the hearts of so many who once ran to meet us on our approach, nor only that, but to be held by them as impious and atheistical, monsters whom the earth is sick of, and whom the gods are besought to destroy — this is a part of our burden which we feel to be heaviest. Heaven preserve to us the smiles and the love of Livia!’

‘Doubt not that they will ever be yours. But I trust that sentiments like those of Tacitus will bear sway in the councils of Aurelian, and that the present calm will not be disturbed.’

Thus conversing we wandered on, beguiled by such talk and the attractive splendors of the garden, till we found ourselves separated, apparently by some distance, from our other friends; none passed us and none met us. We had reached a remote and solitary spot, where fewer lamps had been hung; and the light was faint and unequal. Not sorry to be thus alone, we seated ourselves on the low pedestal of a group of statuary — once the favorite resort of the fair and false Terentia — whose forms could scarcely be defined, and which was enveloped at a few paces distant with shrubs and flowers, forming a thin wall of partition between us and another walk, corresponding to the one we were in, but winding away in a different direction. We had sat not long, either silent or conversing, ere our attention was caught by the sound of approaching voices apparently in earnest discourse. A moment and we knew them to be those of Fronto and Aurelian.

‘By the gods his life shall answer it!’ said Aurelian with vehemence, but with suppressed tones; ‘who but he was to observe the omens? Was I to know that to-day is the Ides, and to-morrow the day after? The rites must be postponed.’

‘It were better not, in my judgment,’ said Fronto; ‘all the other signs are favorable. Never, Papirius assured me, did the sacred chickens seize so eagerly the crumbs. Many times, as he closely watched, did he observe them — which is rare — drop them from

their mouths overfilled. The times he has exactly recorded. A rite like this put off, when all Rome is in expectation, would, in the opinion of all the world, be of a more unfavorable interpretation, than if more than the day were against us.'

'You counsel well. Let it go on.'

'But to insure a fortunate event, and propitiate the gods, I would early, and before the august ceremonies, offer the most costly and acceptable sacrifice.'

'That were well also. In the prisons there are captives of Germany, of Gaul, of Egypt, and Palmyra. Take what and as many as you will. If we ever make sure of the favor of the gods, it is when we offer freely that which we hold at the highest price.'

'I would rather they were Christians,' urged Fronto.

'That cannot be,' said Aurelian. 'I question if there be a Christian within the prison walls; and, were there hundreds, it is not a criminal I would bring to the altar. I would as soon offer a diseased or ill-shaped bull.'

'But it were an easy matter to seize such as we might want. Not, O Aurelian, till this accursed race is exterminated, will the heavens smile as formerly upon our country. Why are the altars thus forsaken? Why are the temples no longer thronged as once? Why do the great, and the rich, and the learned, silently withhold their aid, or openly scoff and jeer? Why are our sanctuaries crowded only by the scum and refuse of the city?'

'I know not. Question me not thus.'

'Is not the reason palpable and gross to the dullest mind? Is it not because of the daily growth of this blaspheming and atheistical crew, who, by horrid arts, seduce the young, the timid, and, above all, the women, who ever draw the world with them, to join them in their unhallowed orgies, thus stripping the temples of their worshippers, and dragging the gods themselves from their seats? Think you the gods look on with pleasure, while their altars and temples are profaned or abandoned, and a religion that denies them rears itself upon their ruins?'

'I know not. Say no more.'

'Is it possible religion or the state should prosper, while he who is not only Vicegerent of the gods, Universal Monarch, but what is more, their sworn Pontifex Maximus, connives at their existence and dissemination ——'

'Thou liest!'

'Harboring, even beneath the imperial roof, and feasting at the imperial table, the very heads and chief ministers of this black mischief ——'

'Hold! I say. I swear, by all the gods known and unknown, that another word, and thy head shall answer it! Is my soul that of a lamb, that I need this stirring up to deeds of blood? Am I so lame and backward, when the gods are to be defended, that I am to be thus charged? Let the lion sleep when he will; chafed too much, and he may spring and slay at random. I love not the Christians, nor any who flout the gods and their worship — that thou knowest well. But I love Piso, Aurelia, and the divine Julia — that thou knowest as well. Now no more.'

'For my life,' said Fronto, 'I hold it cheap, if I may but be faithful to my office and the gods.'

'I believe it, Fronto. The gods will reward thee. Let us on.'

In the earnestness of their talk, they had paused and stood just before us, being separated but by a thin screen of shrubs. We continued rooted to our seats while this conversation went on, held there both by the impossibility of withdrawing without observation, and by a desire to hear — I confess it — what was thus in a manner forced upon me, and concerned so nearly, not only myself, but thousands of my fellow Christians.

When they were hidden from us by the winding of the path, we rose and turned toward the palace.

'That savage!' said Livia. 'How strange that Aurelian, who knows so well how to subdue the world, should have so little power to shake off this reptile.'

'There is power enough,' I replied; 'but alas! I fear the will is wanting. Superstition is as deep a principle in the breast of Aurelian as ambition, and of that Fronto is the most fitting high-priest. Aurelian places him at the head of religion in the state for those very qualities, whose fierce expression has now made us tremble. Let us hope that the emperor will remain where he now is, in a position from which it seems Fronto is unable to dislodge him, and all will go well.'

We soon reached the palace, where, joining Julia and Portia, our chariot soon bore us to the Cœlian Hill. Farewell.

STANZAS.

'Talk not to us of the days of chivalry!'

TALK not to us of the old castles gray,
Or of the gallant knights and ladies gay,
That dazzled their courts in days gone by,
Or of bannered towers that kissed the sky,
Or of bastions, walls, and turrets proud,
Where the war-notes rang from clarion loud!

Talk not to us of the fierce battle-shout
Of the olden time, when the prince led out
His vassal knights, with their vassals born,
In bondage held, and to fealty sworn,
Where the soul was fired, and swords were red
With the curdling blood of the gallant dead!

Talk not to us of the banquet hall,
Where revelled the proud, and knelt the thrall,
Where the Trouvère's lay and Troubadour's song
Softened the hearts of the brave and the strong,
And the richest wines from the sparkling bowl
Quickened the pulse of the sluggish soul!

*We heed not the tales of that olden time;
Too oft do they tell us of deeds of crime:
We dwell in a new and a distant land,
Where the wind blows free from the ocean-strand,
Nor bears on its wings to the boundless west,
The burning curse of a people oppressed!

New-York, May, 1838.

VOL. XI.

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J. K. E.

LITERARY NOTICES.

JOURNAL OF AN EXPLORING TOUR BEYOND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, under the Direction of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Performed in the years 1835, '36, and '37; with a Map of the Oregon Territory. By Rev. SAMUEL PARKER, A. M. In one volume. pp. 317. Ithaca, (N. Y.) Published for the Author. New-York: A. K. BERTRON, 451 Broadway.

SPREAD before you, reader, a map of that portion of this continent which stretches westward from a line with the Council Bluffs, on the Missouri River, and with the above-named work in your hand, follow its author in all his journeyings, until you reach with him that iron-bound coast, where mountain barriers repel the dark rolling waves of the Pacific, which stretches, without an intervening island, for five thousand miles, to the coast of Japan. What a vast extent of country you have traversed; how sublime the works of the CREATOR, through which you have taken your way! We lack space to follow our author in the detail of his far wanderings, and shall not therefore attempt a notice at large of the volume under consideration, but shall endeavor to present, in a general view, some of its more prominent features. Mr. PARKER was sent out by the American Board of Foreign Missions; and he appears to have been eminently faithful to his trust, amidst numerous perils and privations, which are recorded, not with vain boasting and exaggeration, but with becoming modesty and brevity. His descriptions, indeed, are all of them graphic, without being minute or tedious. Before reaching the Black Hills, he places before us the prairies, rolling in immense seas of verdure, on which millions of tons of grass grow up but to rot on the ground, or feed whole leagues of flame; over which sweep the cool breezes, like the trade-winds of the ocean, and into whose green recesses bright-eyed antelopes bound away, with half-whistling snuff, leaving the fleetest hound hopelessly in the rear. There herd the buffaloes, by thousands together, dotting the landscape, seeming scarce so large as rabbits, when surveyed at a distance from some verdant bluff, swelling up in the emerald waste. Sublimar far, and upon a more magnificent scale, are the scenes among the Rocky Mountains. Here are the visible footsteps of God! Yonder, mountain above mountain, peak above peak, ten thousand feet heavenward, to regions of perpetual snow, rise the guardian Titans of that mighty region. Here the traveller thrids his winding way through passages so narrow, that the towering perpendicular cliffs throw a dim twilight gloom upon his path, even at mid-day. Anon he emerges, and lo! a cataract descends a distant mountain, like a belt of snowy foam, girding its giant sides. On one hand, mountains spread out into horizontal plains, some rounded like domes, and others terminating in sharp cones, and abrupt eminences, taking the forms of pillars, pyramids, and castles; on the other, vast circular embankments, thrown up by volcanic fires, mark out the site of a yawning crater; while far below, perchance, a river dashes its way through a narrow, rocky passage, with a deep-toned roar, in winding mazes, in mist and darkness. Follow the voyager, as he descends the Columbia, subject to winds, rapids, and falls, two hundred miles from any whites, and amid tribes of

stranger Indians, all speaking a different language. Here, for miles, stretches a perpendicular basaltic wall, three or four hundred feet in height; there foam the boiling eddies, and rush the varying currents; on one side opens a view of rolling prairies, and through a rocky vista on the other, rise the far-off mountains, mellowed in the beams of the morning sun. Now the traveller passes through a forest of trees, standing, in their natural positions, in the bed of the river, twenty feet below the water's surface. Passing these, he comes to a group of islands, lying high in the stream, piled with the coffin-canoes of the natives, filled with their dead, and covered with mats and split plank. He anchors for a while at a wharf of natural basalt, but presently proceeds on his way, gliding now in solemn silence, and now interrupted by the roar of a distant rapid, gradually growing on the ear, until the breaking water and feathery foam arise to the view. Pausing under a rocky cavern, by the shore, formed of semi-circular masses which have overbrowed the stream for ages, 'frowning terrible, impossible to climb,' he awaits the morning; listening during the night-watches, to hear the distant cliffs

——— 'reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high.'

Such are the great features of the missionary's course, until the boundary of the 'Far West' is reached, and he reposes for a time from his long and toilsome journey.

Our author gives us many details in relation to the Indians of the Oregon territory, their habits, manners, dispositions, etc. Since 1829, seven-eighths of the Indian population, below the falls of the Columbia, we are informed, have been swept away by disease, principally fever-and-ague, increased partly by intemperance, but greatly augmented by their mode of treatment. 'In the burning stage of the fever, they plunged themselves into the river, and continued in the water until the heat was allayed, and rarely survived the cold stage which followed. So many and so sudden were the deaths which occurred, that the shores of the Columbia were strewn with the unburied dead. Whole and large villages were depopulated, and some entire tribes have disappeared, the few remaining persons, if there were any, uniting themselves with other tribes. This great mortality extended not only from the vicinity of the Cascades to the shores of the Pacific, but far north and south—it is said as far south as California. The natives have a standing clause in their system of table-etiquette, which we have seen obeyed in civilized society, without compulsory enactment: what the guest cannot eat, in closing his repast, he must take away with him—a privilege of which the white man liberally avails himself, for the Indian *cuisine* is not over extensive nor delicious. Some of the tribes have a famous amusement, called the 'buffalo dancing march.' Dressed in the skin of the neck and head of this animal, the horns all standing, they imitate his low bellow, and wheel and jump, with wonderful fidelity to the original. The natives are exceedingly fond of the 'fire-water,' and one inveterate drinker, our author tells us, purloined, in sundry secret draughts, all the spirits in which our friend and correspondent, Mr. TOWNSEND, had preserved a large assortment of venomous reptiles, which he had been collecting beyond the Rocky Mountains. These tribes of Indians are truly 'aborigines.' One old chief described to Mr. PARKER his impressions upon meeting, for the first time, with white men. Himself and his savage companions thought them a new race. Seeing their faces very pale, they supposed them to be suffering from some unknown cause, with cold; and although it was mid-summer, they built a large fire, and invited them into their lodge to warm themselves, where they persisted in wrapping them in buffalo robes!

Not the least attractive portion of this very interesting 'Journal,' is the account of

a visit paid by the author to the Sandwich Islands, to which we can only make this brief reference. He sailed from thence for the United States, and arrived safely at New-London, (Conn.) having been absent more than two years, and having journeyed upward of twenty-eight thousand miles.

Our traveller is of opinion that there are no insurmountable barriers to the construction of a rail-road from the Atlantic to the Pacific. No greater elevations would need to be overcome, than have been surmounted on the Portage and Ohio rail-road. And the work will be accomplished! Let the prediction be marked. This great chain of communication will be made, with links of iron. The treasures of the earth, in that wide region, are not destined to be lost. The mountains of coal, the vast meadow-seas, the fields of salt, the mighty forests, with their trees two hundred and fifty feet in height, the stores of magnesia, the crystalized lakes of valuable salts, these were not formed to be unemployed and wasted. The reader is now living, who will make a rail-road trip across this vast continent. The granite mountain will melt before the hand of enterprise; valleys will be raised; and the unwearied fire-steed will spout his hot, white breath, where silence has reigned since the morning hymn of young creation was pealed over mountain, flood, and field. The mammoth's bone and the bison's horn, buried for centuries, and long since turned to stone, will be bared to the day, by the laborers of the 'Atlantic and Pacific Rail-Road Company;' rocks which stand now as on the night when Noah's deluge first dried, will heave beneath the action of 'villanous saltpetre;' and where the prairie stretches away, 'like the round ocean, girdled with the sky,' with its wood-fringed streams, its flower-enamelled turf, and its herds of startled buffaloes, shall sweep the long, hissing train of cars, crowded with passengers for the Pacific seaboard. The very realms of chaos and old night will be invaded; while in place of the roar of wild beasts, or howl of wilder Indians, will be heard the lowing of herds, the bleating of flocks; the plough will cleave the sods of many a rich valley and fruitful hill, while 'from many a dark bosom shall go up the pure prayer to the Great Spirit.'

Forgetful of space, we have gone on, until we find ourselves tugging at the end of our tether, and must now close our notice as abruptly as a hungry judge's summing up. We must first move, however, for a *quo warranto* against certain blemishes in the volume before us, chiefly in reference to a second edition, which we cannot doubt will speedily be demanded by the public. The language, generally chaste, is now and then a little careless and stiltish. 'Progressing on our journey,' 'obliviscating the labors of the day,' and the like, live in our memory; as also that minute description of an animal which measured so many feet 'from the tip of its nose to the *insertion* of its tail!' We infer that, owing to some accident, this was a kindred feature to that canine appendage, of which 'SOLOMON SWOP' was so much in doubt, whether or no it 'was cut off or driv' in!' The volume is neatly executed, and illustrated with an excellent map of the Oregon country.

'A PHILOSOPHICAL GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Adapted *equally* to the use of Schools or Private Study.' By JOSEPH W. WRIGHT, C. E. pp. 251. London: WHITAKER AND COMPANY. New-York: SPINNEY AND HODGES.

We do not wish to flatter Mr. WRIGHT, but we cannot avoid saying to him, that in attempting to treat of the science of language, he has embarked on a sea quite too expansive and rough for his frail bark and small spread of canvass; and to illustrate the correctness of our opinion, we will endeavor to convey to the reader a faint idea of the character of the book, in language drawn from its own rules and inculcations. We have not been 'favorably stricken' with the logic and rhetoric by which the

learned author has 'foughten' his way to fame; nor are we greatly delighted with the manner in which he has annihilated 'the most prevailing systems of grammar in modern use.' A short sample of the style in which this great reformation 'has been being' or 'has begun to be being' achieved, may not be amiss. The reader will then be able to judge for 'his self' whether chicken is or is not the 'plural of chick,' and none but the veriest ignoramuses 'their selves' need remain uninformed as to the 'accomplishment of its execution.' And here we 'take leave' to say, that for every thing that 'is here being marked' with guillemets, we are indebted to the work before us. 'Doubtlessly, accordingly to' the best modern taste, such passages as the following must be considered as 'exceedingly prettily' written: 'Misconception, on simple subjects, generally arises from incautious applications of the intellectual capabilities!' Again: 'Those who lay down arbitrary marks by which they may fearlessly steer through the channel of danger, should cautiously launch into the ocean of accidents; lest their beacons be lost to the view, and *their selves* wrecked on the shoals of destruction, as a consequence of their neglect.' Such valuable directions as these for writing well, are 'their selves' worth whole volumes of MURRAY or BROWN, and others of the old school. Mr. WRIGHT's system will be a signal relief, to many a lazy urchin, from the tyranny of school-masters; for the whole fraternity of pedagogues, having long held the opinion that parsing is to grammar what cyphering is to arithmetic, are now not only 'to be being convinced of the unimportance of parsing generally,' but 'to be being shown' that it is 'characterized in its proper light only, when it is designated a finical and ostentatious parade of practical pedantry!' The reader may 'surprise at' our devoting any space to a work which is destined to occupy no share of attention from the public, beyond its broad ridicule. Our excuse for disturbing for a moment the bristling self-conceit of our author, is, that some respectable names appear as sponsors to his work, who should blush for yielding to the importunities of a grammatical O'Toole.

TRAVELS IN EUROPE: VIZ. IN ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, GERMANY, AND THE NETHERLANDS. By Rev. WILBUR FISK, D. D., President of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn. With Engravings. In one volume, 8vo. pp. 700. Fourth Edition. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE high estimation in which Dr. Fisk is held, as a scholar, a divine, and a philanthropist, has awakened a very general interest in the work under notice. The copy before us is from the *fourth* edition, yet scarcely as many weeks have elapsed since the volume was issued from the press, and we understand that a fifth edition, from the stereotype plates, is already in progress. These facts certainly 'speak volumes' in favor of the work. Notwithstanding the numerous publications of 'travels' with which the press has of late teemed, the present work will be found to possess many features which are entirely unique; such indeed as might have been expected from the character, habits, and pursuits of the author. He has chosen the method of *narration*, in the consecutive order of his entire tour, interspersing the most interesting parts of his epistolary correspondence with descriptions of persons and places, and observations upon men and things, in a manner both instructive and entertaining. But the reader will not only find in this volume accurate and discriminating exhibitions of distinguished persons and familiar places, in the various countries visited by the author, but there will be introduced to his notice many objects alike novel and interesting. The subject of education, to the advancement of which Dr. Fisk has consecrated the labors of his life, and for the promotion of which, in our own country, this journey was mainly undertaken, receives a large

share of illustration and criticism, and much valuable practical information on this subject is here furnished, as the result of personal observation, in different countries. While the philanthropist and the Christian will find in the book a vast amount of religious intelligence, in all the departments of benevolence and piety, which is nowhere else accessible, the civilian, the statesman, the political economist, and the scholar, to whatever profession he may belong, may glean much that may tend to his edification and profit. The style of the work is unaffected and pleasing, and its descriptions have a charming air of nature and life about them, which bespeak an observant eye, and an artist-like pencil. We can commend the volume as one which does honor to the head and heart of its author, and as altogether worthy of his well-earned reputation. Dr. FISK is an AMERICAN, by birth, education, principle, and affection; nor was he bewildered by foreign travel, or bewitched out of his preference to his own country, as too many have been before him. Neither do his national partialities blind his eyes to the excellence, or even the superiority, of transatlantic countries, wherever such attributes may be justly claimed; nor does he condemn every thing foreign, or ridicule it by caricature, as is sometimes done, by those whose prejudices dethrone their candor and their reason. The work is executed with great typographical neatness, and embellished with several good engravings of well chosen objects or scenes.

WORDS OF THE ORATORIO OF 'THE SKEPTIC.' By HENRY RUSSELL. Boston: KIDDER AND WRIGHT.

THE readers of this Magazine are aware of the high rank in which we place Mr. RUSSELL, as a vocalist. The fulness and richness of his voice, the clearness of his pronunciation, and the bewitching simplicity of his manner, stamp him a *singer* of the first file. 'The Skeptic,' an oratorio, composed by Mr. RUSSELL, has recently been brought out in the 'literary emporium,' and public report speaks favorably of its success. Of its merits as a musical composition, however, we are not prepared to speak; but the character of the *literary* portion of the oratorio, demands a few words of rebuke; the more, because we have somewhere seen it stated, and reiterated, that our vocalist's 'poetical like his musical genius seemed to have no limit!' or modest terms, to the same effect. Every true critic and well-wisher of Mr. RUSSELL, who is at all intimate with his literary attainments, owes it to the credit of the 'divine art,' not less than to himself, to prevent so gross an error from taking possession of our author's mind, or the imaginations of his many musical admirers. If *any* should doubt hereafter, we pledge ourselves to sustain our position by additional proofs in our possession, which will place its correctness beyond all cavil or gainsaying. Mr. RUSSELL has certainly not commenced poet by rule, for his verse is neither more nor less than prose, and very poor prose, too, divided into unequal cuttings, of several syllables; while the matter is a mixture of tameness, declamatory exaggeration, and disorder. If our vocalist desires to 'marry music to immortal verse,' he has the power, we think, to do so, so long as his fine voice and good taste shall be spared to him; but he should select the productions of other bards than himself, or be content to support his music and his rhymes on a separate maintenance. There is certainly some *originality* in the words of this oratorio, especially in the part assigned to the principal voice. What, for example, can surpass the beauty of the following line, which may also be found in BYRON's 'Cain:'

'Leave thee? why all have left thee!'

Now that which we herein most particularly admire, is the amendment which the author has seen proper to effect in his lordship's grammar:

'Leave thee? why all *hath* left thee!'

stands, a line unrivalled for its adventurous originality. But lest we be thought hypercritical, we subjoin the consecutive lines: The *Italics* are the author's:

'Leave thee? All *hath* left thee, but I fear thee not;
Skeptic, hast thou given one serious
Thought to either Hell or Heaven?
Has *Heaven* no charms to win thy carnal breast?
Has Hell no torments to destroy thy rest?
Is this life *all*? No! alas for thee,
Life's but a *shrub* — *eternity* a *tree*!
Seek for mercy from thy Saviour high,
The time will come when thou must die.'

Is not this true poetry? Does it not sparkle like the 'tonic and refrigerent salubrious stomachic effervescent ginger beverage,' known in simpler days as 'ginger pop?' What but an Herculean imagination could generate, what but a hand gloved in mail, and writing as it were with an iron stylus, upon a rock of adamant, could trace, that graphic and sublime idea:

'Life's but a *shrub* — eternity a *tree*!'

With what a sudden transition of thought, descending from a lofty altitude to depth profound, he exclaims:

'Man's mind is a *pit*, and *nothing* sees!'

We know of no line equal in pathos and sublimity to this, unless indeed it be contained in the subjoined couplet, from the same pen:

—— 'The sum of man, of god-like man,
To be nailed down in a narrow place, and there rot!'

The general rhythm and melody of language are worthy of especial praise. What, for instance, could be more felicitous than the following:

'Thou 'lt cry when darkness round thee *comes*,
Have mercy on a fallen *one*!'

Some of the lines require a long ear to take them in. The annexed may be cited, as sufficiently extended to fill the auricular vestibule of a mule — supposing that sagacious animal willing to admit such glaring false quantities, in what purports to be, and was evidently intended for, blank verse — and *blank* enough it is:

'*Religion is mistake; duty? — there's none, but to repel the cheat.*'

And the second is like unto it:

'Yes; give the pulse full empire! — live the brute, since as the brute we die!'

There are certain brief portions of this distinguished literary performance, which too nearly resemble familiar stanzas in collections of church psalmody, for both to be original. The 'Faith in God, soprano solo,' will be readily recognised, and kindred passages elsewhere — transformed in some such wise as a shoe-maker makes a pair of new shoes out of an old pair of boots — might be multiplied. But we forbear. We venture, in conclusion, to proffer the author of the '*Words* of the Skeptic,' ('words, words, my lord,') this piece of advice; never to attempt poetry, while Hope has a bone to gnaw upon; for he may rest assured, that the last thing of which the public is likely to complain, will be that he writes too little. The 'oratorio' is printed upon whitish paper, with blackish ink, and a 'very aggravated type,' and may be obtained at the music stores.

GLEANINGS IN EUROPE. ITALY. BY AN AMERICAN. In two volumes, 8vo. pp. 500. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

THIS is certainly the most entertaining of Mr. COOPER's series of 'gleanings.' Italy may be, as the author observes, a hackneyed theme; yet we are bound to thank him for causing his readers to lose sight of the fact. With an eye ever open to the beauties or grandeur of nature, and with a power, always active, of research into, and observation of, the spirit and condition of the people among whom he journeys, it is not surprising that in a field so rich and ample, in these respects, as Italy, Mr. COOPER should have written a most agreeable work. There is very little also, in these volumes, of political or personal prejudices, which have heretofore, in some instances, detracted greatly from the pleasure of the general reader. Several spirited extracts, although in type, are omitted, by reason of an oppressive 'sense of fulness' in this department of our Magazine.

CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES ON THE GALLIC WAR, AND THE FIRST BOOK OF THE GREEK PARAPHRASE. With English Notes, Critical and Explanatory, Plans of Battles, Sieges, etc.; and Historical, Geographical, and Archæological Indexes. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D. In one volume. pp. 493. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE perceive, with sincere pleasure, that the enterprising publishers, from whose press this valuable classic was issued a few weeks since, are turning their attention steadily to the promulgation of classical knowledge, through the medium of a series of works, edited under the supervision of that sound and ripe scholar, Professor ANTHON, of Columbia College. It has, until within a few years, been too justly remarked, that, while the facilities of a common education were extended to the whole community, the higher branches of learning were rarely if ever carried beyond an extent so limited as to be in fact almost useless; a slight knowledge of the Latin, and a still slighter acquaintance with the Greek tongue, being nearly the whole results of a scholastic and collegiate education, and being thrown aside, as things to be forgotten, on the first step made by the student beyond the threshold of his alma mater. Many reasons have been cited, in explanation of this fact; and unquestionably the most solid of these, is that which throws the blame on the very gross deficiencies of the teachers in general, and on the miserable character of the school books; the former being, for the most part, young men sent out, half educated themselves, from some of our colleges, to spread faulty latinity and false quantities over the whole continent; and the latter being edited, by thousands, by every petty usher, whose self conceit was equal to the task, for which his abilities were in truth wholly disproportionate. Hence, as we have said, it was with sincere pleasure that we welcomed the excellent school edition of Sallust and Cicero, heretofore put forth by the HARPERS, and especially the work whose title stands at the head of this notice. The Horace of the same author — a work displaying entire acquaintance with his subject, the deepest research, and the soundest judgment, united to a severe and practised taste — has already received the stamp of general approbation; being admitted, even on the continent of Europe, to be the best existing edition of that poet, and being almost universally adopted in the schools and colleges of England. With regard to the Sallust and Cicero, they fully equalled, in ability and fitness for that scale of intellect to which they are intended to apply, their predecessor; and the Cæsar, with its admirable notes, full of all that boys can require, and of much that men may read with interest and profit; with its indexes, clear, comprehensive, and at the same time highly entertaining; with its well executed plans and sketches, affording felicitous illustrations of the text, and with the curious

and rarely-published paraphrase, is in no degree inferior, or rather is so far superior to the earlier numbers of the series, that it may safely be pronounced the best school book ever published in this or in any other country. The work is admirably executed, in its externals; indeed the editor and publishers seem to have vied with each other, and both have been eminently successful, and may justly be proud of their beneficial labors; for if he has been termed the most useful member of a state, who causes two blades of grass to spring up where but one grew before, what name shall be applied to him, who calls forth two ideas in the place of one, from that most noble field, when cultivated duly — the mind of rational and thinking man?

THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF MISSIONS. A Record of the Voyages, Travels, Labors, and Successes, of the various Missionaries who have been sent forth by Protestant Societies to evangelize the Heathen. By REV. JOHN O. CHOWLES, A. M., and REV. THOMAS SMITH, London. In two volumes, large quarto. Boston: GOULD, KENDALL AND LINCOLN. New-York: JOHN S. TAYLOR.

It was our purpose to have devoted liberal space to a notice of this work, a fifth edition of which, enlarged and improved, has just been published. But truth to say, the volumes scarcely need our humble recommendation, after having received the highest praise from most of the eminent divines in this country, as well as that of the American secular and religious press, without distinction of party or sect. It need only be said, that these copious volumes are signally *complete*, embracing every thing that could with relevancy or propriety be included under their comprehensive title. The work is wholly without sectarianism, and contains nothing offensive to the religious opinions of the Christian, to whatsoever denomination he may belong. The type is large and clear, and impressed in double columns, and in blackest ink, upon paper of a beautiful texture and color. The engravings, which are very numerous, are large, mostly executed in the best style of the art, upon steel, and are remarkably clear and distinct. The volumes are afforded at not only a reasonable, but considering their great value, a remarkably cheap price. We commend them cordially to the religious, of every class, as well as to the mere general reader.

GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND BELGIUM: A Short Tour in 1835. By HEMAN HUMPHREY, D. D., President of Amherst College. In two volumes, 8vo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS. A. K. BERTRON, 451 Broadway.

VERY many of the qualities which we have elsewhere enumerated, as characterizing the travels of Dr. Fisk, are to be found in these unpretending volumes. Going over a beaten track, it was scarcely to be expected that the author would be enabled to present us with much that was entirely new; yet he has imparted an air of freshness even to that which had nothing of novelty to recommend it, while the *spirit* of his work is every where worthy of especial commendation. He has not attempted to underrate the countries he visited, nor has he obtruded overestimates, by contrast, of the importance of his own. The volumes are replete with valuable information, in relation to the state of religion, the physical and moral condition of society, as well as agriculture, manufactures, and the arts. The 'Scraps from my Note-Book,' with which they close, are not the least interesting portion of the work. They possess a sprinkling of satire, and mean more than the superficial reader would at first imagine.

EDITORS' TABLE.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE. — The pages of this periodical have borne frequent evidence of the popular interest which is felt, and is every day growing to be more widely felt, in relation to pulpit eloquence, as a great mean of enforcing and extending the doctrines and blessings of the Christian religion. It has at length come to be considered, that a divine, to be eminently useful, should not only be 'sound in the faith,' but that he should possess the ability to awaken and keep alive the attention of his hearers, by those rhetorical adjuncts, which are powerful auxiliaries of success in every kindred department of mental action. How can the preacher hope to influence his hearers, when, to adopt a theatrical phrase, he merely 'walks through his part?' No matter how important his inculcations, or how clear his arguments; if both be not enforced by a *manner* bearing some proportion to the nature of the lessons or principles set forth, many hearers must be utterly indifferent to them. They have not been made to *feel*, by the earnest eloquence of the speaker — that true eloquence which springs from feeling, and without which all attempts to catch the *aura popularis* will prove unavailing — that he himself was firmly persuaded of the truths he taught. These thoughts have been suggested, by a recent attendance upon the discourses of one or two eminent divines, in the Methodist connexion, during the anniversary conference of that large and respectable denomination, lately held in this city. We allude more particularly to the Rev. HENRY BASCOM, of Augusta college, Kentucky, and the Rev. Mr. TAYLOR, of the Seamen's Bethel, Boston. Of the former, we had before repeatedly heard good report. His fame had evidently preceded him; for, a long time previous to the appointed hour of service, the immense church in Greene-street was crowded to the outer steps, with more standing in the aisles, perhaps, than were seated in the pews, and on the temporary benches. When the hymn was concluded, Mr. BASCOM arose. That 'first appeal, which is to the eye,' was greatly in his favor. His person has a commanding presence, and as well in this particular, as in the firm, compressed mouth, the ample brow, and large, searching black eye, he bears a very striking resemblance to DANIEL WEBSTER. The expression of his countenance was thoughtful and impressive:

—— 'deep on his front engraven,
Deliberation sat, and public care; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night,
Or summer's noontide air.'

Naming his text, in a voice deep, but slightly husky, he proceeded, somewhat tamely, as it appeared to us, although systematically, to lay down his premises, array his arguments, and marshal his proofs. While we were yet in 'a state of dubiety' whether or no his audience were not to be treated to a merely nebulous disquisition, of no particular merit, and asking, mentally, whether *this* could be the man whom HENRY CLAY had pronounced the greatest natural orator he had ever heard, when a brilliant thought, wreaked upon eloquent and original expression, enchained our attention; and thenceforward, to the close of the discourse, we wist not that we were occupying a narrow

spot in the middle of a crowded aisle — 'cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in' — with the thermometer at ninety. When once fully engrossed with his subject, (the progress and effects of the Christian faith, and the arguments in favor of its promulgation,) every eye in the congregation was upon the speaker, and each heart beat quicker, as the glowing thoughts dropped from his tongue. His similes are vivid and striking, to a degree; his impressions of nature, and the comparisons which he draws from her external aspects, are not minute and in detail. They are upon a noble scale — 'taking in whole continents and seas.' Such was the character of that portion of his discourse, wherein he spake of the past ages, to whom the great volume of nature was a sealed book; who saw no God in the works of his hand; who could read the starry rhythm of the heavens, survey the towering mountains, the rivers sweeping to the main; who could hear the roar of the great ocean, and the far-sounding cataract, and see in all these no evidences of the Power who spake, and they existed. He was scarcely less effective, in describing the origin and spread of the Christian faith. The good seed had been sown, and for eighteen hundred years it had, in one way or another, been producing fruit. The germ expanded, and the tree had arisen and spread, until the nations of the world sat under its branches. Efforts had often been made to root it out, and to destroy it. The lightnings of persecution had scathed it — the axe of the wicked had sought to lop its boughs — the wild boar of the forest had whetted its tusk against its time-worn trunk — yet still, in living green, it spread its inviting arms abroad, every where overshadowing evil with good. Kingdom after kingdom had arisen, flourished, and fallen. The wrecks of dead empires — the long labors of emperors and kings, of principalities and powers — had passed away on that deluge-flood of earthly grandeur, ever rolling onward to the ocean of eternity; yet still afar widened the blessings of christianity. Like the beams of the sun, each ray had radiated in separate streams of light; but they were soon swallowed up in one glad effulgence, blessing all upon whom it fell, even as the common light of heaven. These remembrances can afford the reader little save a faint idea of the general character of one or two of his positions and illustrations. The nervous style, the appropriate gesture, the beaming eye, may be imagined, but must be seen to be realized. The very hesitation, which our orator occasionally manifests, in making a selection from thoughts which are pressing for utterance, is in itself an essential feature of eloquence; for when the key-word unlocks the treasure, the intellectual flood rolls on with a resistless force, the greater from having been pent up and kept back; while the speaker's language illustrates and adorns his thoughts, 'as light, streaming through colored glass, heightens the object it falls upon.' Such are our impressions of the pulpit efforts of Mr. Bascom; and we believe them to be faithful counterparts of those entertained by all who heard the discourse to which we have alluded. On a subsequent occasion, at the Broadway Tabernacle, he was less successful — and no marvel. He was placed before an immense auditory, as a clerical 'lion of the west,' of whom wonders were anticipated, and he was to roar by contract, at so much a head, from his hearers. This was 'doing evil that good might come,' beside being in very bad taste; and the result, so far as the speaker was concerned, was a perfectly natural one. We had intended, in this connection, to have spoken of the Rev. Mr. Taylor, of the Seamen's Bethel, Boston, who is celebrated for a species of effective pulpit eloquence; but our limits will only permit us to say, that in our judgment, as well as in that of many of his friends and fellow Christians, he greatly diminishes his usefulness, by a certain air of unique drollery, vastly amusing, indeed, but inappropriate, as it seems to us, to the sacred desk. One can scarcely think that preacher in earnest, who seeks occasion to be facetious, in reasoning of 'righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.' We may refer to the subject of pulpit eloquence, in other points of view, at no distant day; and in the mean time we invite our correspondents to aid us, by such suggestions, or brief examples, as may serve to illustrate the importance of, or exhibit the varieties embraced in, the general theme.

A SECOND LEAF FROM OUR NOTE-BOOK. — Let us hope that those who have approved of the 'sample' we have already furnished — if happily any such there are — of what may be anticipated from our unpremeditated note-book extracts, will manifest some little enterprise, and 'take the lot,' for better or for worse.

SOME months since, to fill up a vacant space in a waiting 'form,' we threw off a hurried paragraph of 'MATHEWSIANA,' touching that fine actor's impression of how long it generally took to 'do things' in this country. Since that fragment has been honored with a wide circulation abroad, and has come back upon, and is now going the rounds of, the American newspaper press, we will proceed to sketch another, 'in about twenty minutes.' During MATHEWS' last visit to this country, he was, for the most part, in ill health. Aches and pains, incident to his years, together with an exquisitely nervous temperament, kept him a good portion of the time in hot water. His manner, at such periods, was querulous in the extreme. Every trifling annoyance was construed into a personal affront, or intentional persecution. The courteous and accomplished chief of the Tremont House, at Boston, was called in hot haste to his apartment, late of a dull March afternoon — the wind east. He found the inimitable mime limping about the room, in a state of great agitation. 'Mr. S —' said he, 'I'm a miserable dog. You know it — every body knows it. Nerves out of order' — here he described a semicircle with his game leg, and drew down the sloping corner of his mouth — 'nobody thinks any thing of annoying poor Mathews. Look here — look *there* — *THERE*!' he continued, as he drew his companion to the window, and pointed to a servant, who was cracking walnuts for the next day's dessert, in the court-yard. 'There's a fellow for you! 'Click! click!' for an hour together, and looking up to me, (miserable dog!) with that infernal grin. There — there he goes again!' An explanation followed, the servant was ordered away, and the excited drôle became comparatively calm. But hardly had Mr. S — reached the 'office,' before he was again violently recalled. Some one had entered the house by the private entrance, and by a slight rap or two at the door of a neighboring room, was 'pulling the wires' of the unstrung actor's nervous system. This time, it was with much difficulty that he could be pacified. From divers indigent annoyances, he finally widened to the 'people in general' of this country. 'Every body delights to vex me,' said he — 'every body. Sometimes I'm bored to death with impertinent questions; and then again I can't get more than a word from any body, and that always of the shortest. I asked a passenger at table, on board the steamer, coming on, what I should carve for him, (we had waited 'twenty minutes' for a servant,) from two meats before me, but beyond his reach. 'Mutton!' said he. What shall I give *you*, Sir?' said I, to his neighbor. 'Beef!' was the reply, sent to me like a projectile. 'Just reach me that salt,' said the taciturn fellow to a man opposite. 'There's salt by you,' he replied. 'I did n't see it,' rejoined the other. 'Who said you did?' answered the amiable gourmand, keeping his eye on a plate of green peas, and exclaiming, at the same time, to a man near him, who was 'looking out for number one,' 'Halves, Mister! — halves! 'f you please!' When they had nearly bolted their meal, (you eat like pigs in America,) I ventured to observe to the first specimen, the weather behaving ridiculous, that it was getting roughish. 'Humph!' said he. I repeated the remark. 'Humph!' again. 'Do n't you think the weather rather roughish?' I perseveringly inquired of his grum counterpart. 'I leave it entirely to you!' said he, picking his teeth with an iron fork, and rising from the table. They call the Americans a *civil* people!" continued Mathews, in the very tone of 'Mr. Samuel Coddle,' complaining of the wind whistling round his 'corner house;' 'civil! — well, sometimes they *are*. Then they are bores. But generally, the Yankees are as short as a ship-biscuit. One night last week, I said to a man in New-York, as I was groping along somewhere near my lodgings — (no lights — lamps half out — could n't find the way) — 'Friend, I wish to go to Murray-street.' 'Well,' said he, taking a long, ill-flavored cigar from his

mouth, (nine inches long, and nine for a penny,) 'well, why in h—ll *do n't* you go to Murray-street?—nobody hinders you!' That now was polite! Ask a Frenchman what's o'clock, and he answers: 'Half past nine—much obliged to you.' There's a contrast for you! And thus the irritable comedian ran on, until Mr. S— grew a-weary, when he paused, as we do, and his auditor escaped—like the reader.

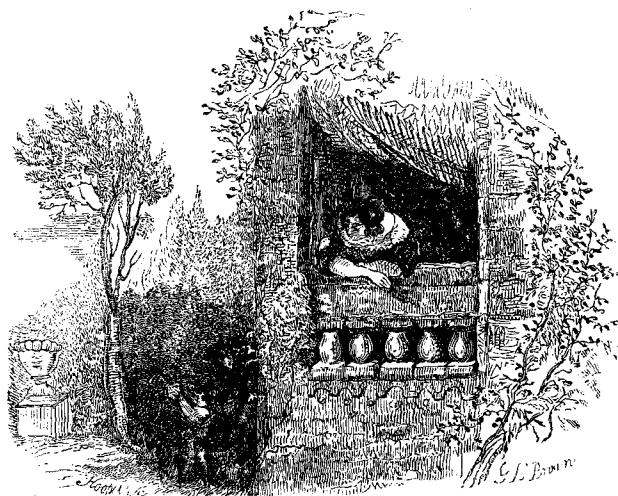
THAT was a beautiful picture, which we recently heard painted by an eloquent clergyman, of the revelation of God in childhood. 'Look,' said he, in substance, 'at that revelation, in the first opening form of humanity; at that infant being—that child—angel; all innocence, gladness, loveliness. There it is, quite helpless, and almost unconscious; and yet it filleth the whole dwelling, to the very roof-tree, with music and joy. No toy for childhood like that; no treasure for parental affection—no treasure of wishes, like that. There it lies, in the narrow space of an infant's cradle, and yet it filleth the whole house with its presence. There is resort to it, from time to time, as if it were something enshrined. Childhood, and age, and manly hope, and matronly beauty, bend over it. I could almost fancy,' added the speaker, 'it were in worship at that fair, pure shrine of the all-creating goodness.' We could not but think, as we heard these admirable and touching sentences, and saw the warm tear start to the eyes of a bereaved young mother, sitting near us, of the Roman line, '*Quam Deus amat, moritur adolescens*;' and of that kindred thought of BULWER: 'Why mourn for the young? Better that the light cloud should fade away in the morning's breath, than travel through the weary day, to gather in darkness, and end in storm.' Who should lament, when 'child-angels' are 'taken from the evil to come,' and translated from their infant cradles to heaven?

'Where, with day-beams round them playing,
They their FATHER's face shall see,
And shall hear him gently saying,
'Little children, come to me!''

The toils, the trials, the pains, of a long life, often find their end only in a larger coffin—that cradle in which our second childhood is rocked to sleep. How much truth is conveyed in that simple stanza, carved by a fond parent upon the humble head-stone of his child's grave:

'He tasted of life's bitter cup,
Refused to drink the potion up;
But turned his little head aside,
Disgusted with the taste, and died.'

WHAT strange ideas of poetry and imagination some people have! While a certain matter-of-fact class contemn them, because they cannot be sold by the bale, or bought by the cargo, and counted as so much immediately convertible merchandise, another class deem them commodities of easy acquisition, and only to be called for, to be 'constantly on hand.' 'Come, Mr. —, said a simple, but very romantic young woman, to a poetical friend of ours, not long since, 'won't you sit down now, and write a nice piece of poetry? Do! I should so like to see you make a sweet-pretty piece, right out o' your head! My cousin saw Mr. M— make a very handsome piece, one night. He did it amazingly quick. Come!—*do* make me some!' This young person was akin to the 'literary young lady,' so well described in 'The Young Ladies' Book,' who kept a small collection of hand-writings, and three or four old half-pence, which she called her 'coins,' and who addressed a male friend, whom she was 'button-holding' from dinner, 'Do n't you remember that you promised to write down for me, in this album, one of your poetical effusions? Sit down, there's a good man. Here's the pen, and every thing. You need'nt fill more than four pages, but mind you write clear!' This may seem exaggerated; but we purpose, ere long, to endeavor to amuse the reader with a portraiture of character in this kind, which we can aver to be by no means a 'fancy sketch.'



READER, were you ever awakened, in the small hours of the morning, by a confused din of instruments and voices — all cracked? If so, you know how to commiserate that penurious English nobleman, who, in desperation, threw a sixpence to an organ-grinder and his vocal spouse, under his window, and bade them pass on, in God's name. 'We never goes on, short of a shillin'!' was the consoling reply, and they continued to grind and squall, until the remaining sixpence was extracted. What a bore it is, to be sure, a bald, unripe serenade! But the operators in these entertainments are not always at ease, in pursuing their melodious avocations, as a short story, which we have from 'a friend in the service,' will show. We suspect it must have been related of midshipman 'Dandy P —', of whom our agreeable correspondent speaks, in his 'Log-Book,' who acquired the guitar, (after incessant study, having no native talent for music,) sufficiently to accompany his cracked voice, when he would 'execute' solo serenades, and roll up his eyes 'like a duck in a thunder-storm,' under any pretty damsel's window. One charming moonlight night, our naval exquisite left the ship, then anchored in a South-American port, to serenade a lovely brunette, whom he had repeatedly seen on shore, and whom he already fancied to be one of his numerous conquests. Dressed like a gay cavalier, and accompanied by an honest tar, he 'sought the maiden's lattice,' and underneath it began to ply his lungs, and the strings of his instrument. But he had been on double duty for the two previous nights, and notwithstanding the fire which burned in his bosom, his voice gradually died away, and the serenader was presently fast asleep. At this juncture, the lattice opened, and a plump female head and shoulders looked out, as if reconnoitering the premises below. That promising artist, HOOPER, has well represented this scene, in the accompanying engraving from a clever sketch by G. L. BROWN. Jack, who was waiting at a little distance for his officer, began to grow tired of the sport, when the lattice again suddenly opened, and down came a torrent of water upon the head of the 'sleeping beauty,' followed with a request from the young lady's maid, that the romantic recumbent would take himself away. 'If there was n't a whole hogshhead,' said Jack, as he encountered the drenched hero, 'I'll be d — d!' The musical midshipman related, subsequently, that he was dreaming of standing on the 'spouting horn,' at Koloa, one of the Sandwich Islands, at which his ship had touched, where the waves roll into an awful cavern, and find their only escape through a narrow fissure of the rock, rising to the height of sixty or seventy feet, and falling in sheets of spray and foam, with the noise of thunder. Under this flood he stood in fancy, and when he awoke, he nothing doubted that it was reality, and no vision. But his dream was ended; and this was his last serenade.

WAR, so long the favorite amusement, and often the sole employment of men, has been for many years gradually growing unpopular. Peace societies are not alone of the opinion, that

'Too long at clash of arms, amid her bowers,
And pools of blood, the earth hath stood aghast.'

NAPOLÉON, were he to revisit now the glimpses of the moon, would find his occupation, and a good deal of his reputation, gone. He has strutted his hour upon the stage, where he was *once* 'accounted a very great actor.' True, the tragedies in which he performed, were got up in stupendous style, 'with music of cannon volleys, and the murder-shrieks of a world; his stage-lights were the fires of conflagration; his rhyme and recitative were the tramp of embattled hosts, and the sound of falling cities.' Whole hecatombs of men whiten the gray sands of Egypt, bleach in the snows of Russia, or are garnered on the plains of Italy, who assisted, as nameless and fameless supernumeraries, in his renowned performances. Ah, reader! did you ever consider what was the net purport and upshot of war? Let that imaginary German, (whom once, we confess it with shame-facedness, we condemned before we understood,) paint you the picture:

'To my own knowledge, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain 'natural enemies' of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men. Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoidupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red, and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain; and fed there till wanted. And now, to that same spot in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending; till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxta-position; and thirty stands fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word 'Fire!' is given; and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, (shells of men, out of which all the life and virtue has been blown,) which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a universe, there was even, unconsciously, by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their governors had fallen out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.'

Turn from this sketch, to the falling-out 'governor' — a BONAPARTE, perchance, luxuriating in his warm bath in Italy, and there, by a word, giving orders to force a distant march, wherein the foot are directed to be driven forward by the horse with such cruel violence, that thousands perish by the way! Or look back upon the desolate track the army has traversed, and pause at the hospitals, where the numbers of the wounded render assistance impracticable; where novices in surgery serve the apprenticeship of their art amidst hurry and interruption, and the agonizing cries of their suffering patients. All these, as well as the envied dead, who, by a happier fate, were sent suddenly into eternity, are linked by ties of affection to hearts which as yet know not their own bitterness!

ONE morning, during the 'rabid stage' of the late 'pressure,' while looking over some new publications, in the fashionable *magasin* of one skilled in bibliography, there enters us a middle-aged specimen of humanity, who from crown to heel bore the marks of a decayed gentleman. He looked as if he had been 'spending the night in a stable, and taking his breakfast at a pump.' 'Sir,' said he, bowing condescendingly to the shopman, and speaking with studied precision of diction, 'you see before you an unfortunate individual; one who, as the poet remarks, is greatly

—— 'in want of ready rhino,
Like many hereabout that you,
And some perhaps that I, know!'

Permit me, therefore, my dear Sir, to ask, *could* you oblige me with the *loan* of a flip?' 'No Sir, I *'could'* not!' replied the shopman, sarcastically. 'Ah!' responded the solicitor, 'I had no idea that the times were so hard here. I thought they were hard enough in Philadelphia, but — nothing like it — noth-*ing like it!* I feel for you,' he added, laying his hand, with a philanthropic air, upon his breast, 'I feel for you all!'

He mused for a moment, then extending his arm, and flourishing the tattered remnant of a pocket-handkerchief, he continued: 'What is this great and glorious country coming to, I should like to know, under its present rulers, with their bank laws, their currency laws, their sub-treasury, and so forth? To ruin, Sir!—to utter ruin! 'Man,' as the English Grammar very correctly observes, 'man is a verb.' Our government, the body corporate, is the verb *TO BE*!—*TO DO*! And we, the people, Sir, of this great and glorious country, are the miserable passive verb, *TO SUFFER*!' 'Shade of Cicero!' thought we; 'such eloquence, would shame the oratory of our 'Eagle of the North!' 'Sir,' said the shopman, 'I have no time to attend to you. You will oblige me by leaving the store.' 'Oh, certainly!' And he retired accordingly.

'POOR MINO,' AGAIN. — 'The KNICKERBOCKER has completely overrun 'Uncle John' BEZONET, in Nassau-street, with visitors, to see 'Poor Mino,' the wonderful East Indian bird, so graphically described in the May number. It is not uncommon to see his store full of ladies and gentlemen, of a morning, and two or three carriages at the door; but 'Mino' wont talk to the ladies, unless there are gentlemen present.' Thus courteously observed the '*Evening Star*' daily journal, a few evenings since; and its statement is sooth. Calling a day or two after this paragraph appeared, we learned that 'Mino' had been removed, for keeping too much and mixed company. Beside, he had grown oppressively loquacious. 'Uncle John, there's somebody in the store!' had become his continual announcement of new visitors. He had grown impertinent, withal, and if one surveyed him too minutely, he would inquire, in a querulous tone, 'Who're you looking at?' He had collected, moreover, among other things, the popular suffrages in regard to his manifold attractions, and was wont to echo, with great deliberation, and an air ludicrously oracular: 'Well, that is re-a-ally a *very ex-tra-or-dinary* bird!'—after which, he invariably indulged in that long-drawn, rich, and husky laugh, which would turn the veriest misanthrope into a cachinnatory machine, out of mere sympathy. Reader, we were in the right in what we said concerning birds—how that they know considerable. We love the man who cherishes in his heart these gentle, heavenward messengers. Herr TEUFELSDRÖCKH has bound us to him for ever, by that beautiful eulogy which he has passed upon our especial favorites, the swallows. 'Bright, nimble creatures!' says he, 'who taught you the mason-craft; nay, stranger still, gave you a masonic incorporation, almost social police? For if, by ill chance, and when time pressed, and your house fell, did not five neighborly helpers appear next day, and swashing to and fro, with animated, loud, long-drawn chirpings, and wonderful activity, complete it again before nightfall?' To be sure they did, for we saw them do it.

TECHNICALITIES are very common, even to the best informed, in liberal professions; but in the language of the lower orders, they often form a most ludicrous feature. The keen, observant eye of that paragon of humorists, the author of the 'Pickwick Papers,' has discovered, and his pen graphically illustrated, this peculiarity. The boot-black lad, at the hotel, who called all the travellers by the character of their boots, such as 'the 'Vellintons in Number 16,' 'the 'Vite Tops, in Number 13,' and 'the Pumps, in Number 20,' is a good specimen in point. So, too, was the remark of a servant at Vauxhall Garden, not long since recorded. He saw a couple of scape-graces making off, without paying for their 'refreshments,' and gave the alarm to a fellow waiter: 'I say, Bill, there's a brandy-and-water gettin' over the fence, and a cup o' coffee spillin' his self out o' the back gate! Look 'vild!' 'Nicholas Nickleby,' when he was leaving home, early in the morning, for Do-the-boy's Hall, and Mr. Squeer's tender protection, encountered an excellent professional sample in this kind, in the female miniature-painter, who had been drawn early from bed by the fine arts, and was waiting for the light, to carry out an idea. 'She had got up early to put a fancy nose into a miniature

of an ugly little boy, destined for his grandmother in the country, who was expected to bequeath him property, if he was like the family. 'To carry out an idea,' repeated Miss La Creevy; 'and that's the great convenience of living in a thoroughfare like the Strand. When I want a nose or an eye for any particular sitter, I have only to look out of the window, and wait till I get one.' 'Does it take long to get a nose, now?' inquired Nicholas, smiling. 'Why, that depends in a great measure on the pattern,' replied Miss La Creevy. 'Snubs and romans are plentiful enough, and there are flats of all sorts and sizes, when there's a meeting at Exeter Hall; but perfectly aquilines, I am sorry to say, are scarce, and we generally use them for uniforms, or public characters.' 'Indeed!' said Nicholas. 'If I should meet with any in my travels, I will try to sketch them for you.' We shall endeavor, at an early day, to serve up a few technical characters who have come under our own observation. If they fail to please, it will not be because the subjects are deficient in the raw material of fun. They will 'open rich.'

GRATITUDE, a generous, humanizing virtue, is no where more perceptible, in the brute creation, than in the dog. Do a dog a kindness, and he will not soon forget it. He will never cut you in the street, if you have ever given him a bone, or a bit of cold victuals, even though he may be walking with 'dogs of high degree.' Did you ever mark, reader, the expression of a number of dogs, receiving a repast of meat, or the like, of a morning? The scene has been well drawn by a clever artist, in the annexed lines:

'Beam with bright blaze their supplicating eyes,
Sink their hind legs, ascend their joyful cries,
Each wild with hope, and maddening to prevail,
Points the pleased ear, and wags the expectant tail.'

Dogs are noble, generous creatures, and we love and honor them. But why should we eulogize them? Surely 'it will not be popular,' at a time when the dog-starry influences are about to prevail, and Hydrophobia to walk abroad, dealing terror and death. Ah, that dreadful disease! It is indeed 'too horrible.' A young medical friend at our elbow has described to us a case of this description, which he saw, some time since, at a hospital in Paris. A young Lombardy peasant was brought to the hospital, who had been bitten by a mad cat, that had leaped at him from a shelf in the dairy, where he had caught and beaten her, for stealing his milk and cream. The enraged animal fastened her teeth in his cheek with so firm a grasp, that she could not be detached until her head was cut off. The usual preventives, such as canterbury, purging, bleeding, and mercurial salivation, were immediately resorted to, but without avail. On the twenty-eighth day, the fatal symptoms began to appear. In the meantime, the unhappy patient had suffered every thing but death, in anticipating the termination of the event. His dreams were terrific. The difficulty of swallowing water, he overcame, at first, with great fortitude. His wound increased, he was unable to swallow, at length grew furious, and with a low yell, like a cat in agony, he would fly at, and endeavor to bite, all who came near him. He was bound with chains, but broke them, as though they had been the weakest pack-thread. One night he escaped from his bed, ran up and down the hospital hall, trying to bite all he met, and in endeavoring to escape from the door, was seized with chills, and fell down dead. He had grasped an iron bed-wrench, in his last paroxysm, and when taken up, his teeth were so firmly fixed upon it, as to, require the greatest exertion to remove it. The brain and cerebellum were found, on dissection, to be very much inflamed. He died a horrid death, as many others have done from the same cause. But are all dogs to be doubted, and hunted down, because a few run mad? By the mass, no!

THERE are a great many stories told of the prolific soil of the Great West; how that bread, ready buttered, grows upon high trees; that pigs' tails, planted in the rich alluvial bottom lands, in the fall, fructify in such wise, that on some fine evening in early spring, a crop of juvenile porkers may be seen marching into the sower's farm-yard,

from the 'spot where they grew,' with short squeak, and in military order; and that jack-knives are 'raised' by a kindred agricultural process. Howsoever this may be, we are credibly informed that the truth of a statement equally surprising, can be easily established. In Illinois, it is quite a common thing for deer, being previously accommodated with a 'bucket full of salt' on their tails, to walk up to a squatter's tent in the forest, turn his fat haunches to the fire, and keep them there, until properly cooked, and then permit a delicious steak to be cut therefrom. They then go about their business with equanimity. In some instances, it is farther stated, they return at nightfall, to furnish forth a 'cold cut.' We have this statement in the hand-writing of Mr. JOHN SMITH, of Illinois, who refers, confidently, to Mr. JOHN THOMPSON, of Ohio.

ATLANTIC STEAM-SHIPS. — MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM have issued a small volume of some eighty pages, containing an account of the origin, progress, and prospects of steam navigation across the Atlantic; comprising a plan first published in New-York, in 1832, by ITHIEL TOWN; an account of the voyage of the steam-ship SAVANNAH, in 1819; a description of the steam-ships SIRIUS and GREAT WESTERN, their first voyages, and the festivities on their arrival; scientific and humorous details of the various companies formed, and steam-ships built, and their probable advantages over the 'liners,' etc.; a description of the COLUMBUS, the new quicksilver steam-ship; statistics of the 'British and American Steam Navigation Company, of London,' projected by JUNIUS SMITH, formerly of Connecticut, including a description of the BRITISH QUEEN, now being built; and Capt. COBB's steamer, with a full descriptive account of her engine, invented by PHINEAS BENNETT, of Ithaca, etc., to which is added a concise view of the progress of electro-magnetism. The little book is well printed, and illustrated with two wood engravings.

Amidst the natural excitement and enthusiasm caused by the successful steam-navigation of the Atlantic, by the 'Sirius' and 'Great Western,' we trust it will not be forgotten, that to AMERICAN enterprise and daring we owe the *first* passage by steam across the ocean. And we of the 'empire state,' in particular, have good cause to rejoice, that on the bosom of our noble Hudson rode the first steam-boat that was ever launched on native waters. MRS. SIGOURNEY, in allusion to this fact, has some spirited lines in the last number of the 'HESPERIAN,' from which we take four or five stanzas, descriptive of a 'popular feeling of curiosity,' but not exactly similar to that mentioned in the work before us:

'Who thus o'er the foaming flood doth glide?

No sail propels her course;
She heeds not the winds, with their sway of pride,
She asks no boon of the haughty tide,
But mocks at the breakers hoarse!

No oar she plies, with its measured sweep;
And curling dark and high,
Thick-volum'd smoke to the clouds doth creep,
While a snowy line marks the cleaving deep,
A banner of flame, the sky.

The frighten'd fishes, with staring eyes,
Bore the news where the deep sea roll'd;
Then the mermaids lock'd up their bowers in a trice,
And the monarch-whale fled to his palace of ice,
And the tocsin of Ocean toll'd.

More close to its grotto the faint pearl grew,
The dolphin turn'd deadly pale,
Their clarion-shells the Triton's blew,
And with urns overturn'd, the river-nymphs flew
To tell father Neptune the tale.

Old Hudson slept in a summer's night,
But she troubled his quiet breast
With a hissing sound like a serpent sprite,
And the Highlands kindled their beacon-light
At the torch of the terrible guest.'

LITERARY RECORD.

'THE HAWAIIAN SPECTATOR.'— We have received the first number of a quarterly periodical, thus entitled, and published at Honolulu and Oahu, Sandwich Islands, under the editorial supervision of an 'association of gentlemen.' The work, in its externals, is every way creditable to the publishers, while its matter possesses great merit. Intending, when our space and leisure shall serve, to devote a page or two of this department to a notice of the work, we content ourselves for the present with an enumeration of its articles. After a few introductory observations, setting forth the wide field intended to be occupied, we have: 'Sketch of Marquesian character; Marquesian and Hawaiian Dialects compared; The Oahu Charity School; Female Education at the Sandwich Islands; Account of the Russians on Kauai; Decrease of Population; Sketches of Kauai; Foreign Correspondence; Phenomena in the Tides; Meteorological Observations, and a Shipping List. Messrs. OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY are the general agents for the United States. We doubt not the work will command a wide circulation, especially among the religious portions of the community, throughout the Union. WILLIAM BURNS, 152 Broadway.

REMARKS ON THE LAW OF COPY-RIGHTS. By PHILIP H. NICKLIN, Esq., Philadelphia. This little volume has been prepared with a good deal of care, and evinces a thorough knowledge of his subject on the part of the author. His views, however, cannot well be glanced at, satisfactorily, in a notice so brief as this. We had written an article of some length on the matter, in which certain points of dissent from the opinions and propositions of Mr. NICKLIN, mingled with sundry enumerations of passages wherein we had the pleasure to agree with him, found introduction; but intending ere long to renew the discussion of the copy-right question, in these pages, where its very principles were first entreated in this country, we shall include the work of Mr. NICKLIN among other books and authorities to which we may have compendious allusion.

FOSTER'S COUNTING-HOUSE MANUAL. — There is nothing gained in buying a book which merely tells you that three and two make five, even though the author's speculations on that singular arithmetical phenomenon be novel and ingenious; but if a book point out any way of making five dollars, by *saving time* worth as much, or by teaching us that which would otherwise cost years of experience and labor to learn, in our poor judgment nothing is lost by purchasing that book. The 'Counting-House Manual' contains information relative to commercial matters, which is very important to every merchant and man of business. To bankers and brokers the summary of the laws and usages of bills of exchange, promissory notes, etc., will be found of great practical utility. Boston: PERKINS AND MARVIN.

'ANCIENT HISTORY' OF NEW-YORK. — The fact may not generally have transpired, that Mr. DUNLAP, so well known as the author of several very popular works, has been for some years engaged upon a History of the New-Netherlands, the Province of New-York, and the State of New-York, with an intention to publish it in two volumes octavo, each to contain at least five hundred pages, with maps of the city and state, at different periods; the work to commence with the discovery of the country, and to be continued to the adoption and operation of the Federal Constitution. Aside from the general interest of the subject, the author has been put in possession of many interesting documents, which hitherto have not been accessible, and the whole is compiled, we are informed, from original documents and records. We cordially commend the enterprise to the attention of the public.

AINSWORTH'S PRACTICAL MERCANTILE ARITHMETIC. — The author of this treatise, a teacher of long experience, states that it is the result of much study and attention.

The rules are clearly stated, and the exercises and examples are chosen with discrimination. The author 'has endeavored to follow a straight-forward, systematic course, from a beginning sufficiently simple, to combinations sufficiently complicated, to meet all the exigencies of business.' The work is evidently one of great practical utility, and as such we commend it to the attention of teachers, and to all who are interested in the introduction of the best and most improved methods of instruction. Providence: B. CRANSTON AND COMPANY.

MR. SIMMONS' LECTURES upon the English poets, given recently at the Stuyvesant Institute, were every way worthy his high reputation. To a manner preëminently graceful, and a voice rich and flexible, beyond that of any of his profession, whom we have ever heard, Mr. SIMMONS adds ripe scholarship, extensive reading, good plain common sense, and an admirably-disciplined fancy. When the lecture-season again arrives, we hope he may be induced once more to take up his abode among us. His success, we hazard little in predicting, will be most ample, and altogether such as his liberal gifts should command.

CAMPBELL'S POEMS. — We mentioned, a short time since, that a specimen or order-copy of CAMPBELL'S poems, with superb illustrations, from a London house, had been shown us, containing, among other rare poetical productions of this eminent poet, three articles, of distinguished merit, which had never before been published. One of these, 'The Dead Eagle,' is for the first time presented to American readers, in the present number.

NEW PANORAMA. — The immense and very imposing circular edifice, in Prince-street, near Broadway, which has recently arisen, almost like an exhalation, will soon be opened for the exhibition of a panorama of Jerusalem, upon the largest possible scale, from the pencil of that accomplished artist and scholar, Mr. CATHERWOOD. It will attract crowded audiences.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN. — The exhibition of paintings at this institution will soon close. It has been, as we learn, numerously attended. It was our intention to have devoted liberal space to a review of the more prominent works of art which compose it, but our limits forbid. This, however, is the less to be regretted, perhaps, since it gives to our distant readers additional matter, in which they are supposed to be more generally interested.

DR. PALFREY'S NEW WORK. — MESSRS. JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, Boston, have published the first volume of a copious work, entitled 'Academical Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities. By JOHN GORHAM PALFREY, D. D., of Cambridge University. The last four books of the Pentateuch form the subject matter of the volume, which is executed in a style of great typographical beauty. WILLIAM BURNS, 152 Broadway.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. — We beg our friends to bear with us yet a little. Numerous contributions, both in prose and verse, bide their time. Priority, contrast, variety, occasion — these 'puzzle the will,' and yet are to be thought of. Hence, favors are often delayed. The last as well as the present number contains articles that have been in our possession many months. Those which have been detained, will go forth with a 'goodly companie, and a rich, we have faith to believe, in the forthcoming TWELFTH VOLUME.